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THE

✓ Catholic Youth's

HYMN BOOK:

CONTAINING THE

HYMNS OF THE SEASONS AND FESTIVALS
OF THE YEAR,

ARRANGED

WITH A SPECIAL VIEW TO THE WANTS OF

Catholic Schools,

BY

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

With the Approbation of t'c MOST REV. J. McCLOSKEY, D. D.,
Archbishop of New York.

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H Y M N S

FOR THE

Seasons and Festivals.

A D V E N T .

HARK! AN AWFUL VOICE IS SOUNDING.

* *Airs* 1, 3, 17, 18, 78, 130.

- 1 HARK! an awful voice is sounding;
 "Christ is nigh!" it seems to say;
 "Cast away the dreams of darkness,
 O ye children of the day!"
Startled at the solemn warning,
 Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her Sun, all sloth expelling,
 Shines upon the morning skies.

- 2 Lo! the Lamb so long expected,
 Comes with pardon down from heav'n:
Let us haste with tears of sorrow,
 One and all to be forgiv'n.
So when next He comes in glory,
 Wrapping all the earth in fear,
May He then as our defender,
 On the clouds of heaven appear.

* These numbers refer to the airs which are to be found in the large edition of the CATHOLIC YOUTH'S HYMN BOOK.

A GLORIOUS VOICE SOUNDS.

Airs 2, 11, 120.

- 1 A GLORIOUS voice sounds through the night,
And chides the darkness into light;
The mists of sleep are driv'n afar,
And Christ shines forth the morning star.
 - 2 Now from its torpor leaps the mind,
And leaves all taint of earth behind;
The new-born Planet flames on high,
And bids all care and sorrow fly.
 - 3 Now from above the Lamb is sent,
To pay the debt, O penitent!
Weep! and with tears thy praise uplift,
In thanks for so supreme a gift.
 - 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The King of Heaven's immortal host;
May men and angels praise outpour,
For ever and for evermore.
-

SEE, HE COMES!

Airs 3, 29, 55, 78, 81 130, 141, 143.

- 1 SEE, He comes! whom ev'ry nation,
Taught of God, desired to see;
Filled with hope and expectation,
That He would their Saviour be.
Sing, oh! sing with exultation,
Haste we to our Father's Home;
Peace, redemption, joy, salvation,
Now from Heaven to earth are come.

- 2 See, He comes! whom kings and sages,
Prophets, patriarchs of old,
Distant climes and countless ages,
Waited eager to behold.
Sing, oh! sing with exultation,
Haste we to our Father's Home;
Peace, redemption, joy, salvation,
Now from Heaven to earth are come.
- 3 See, the Lamb of God appearing,
God of God from Heaven above!
See the Heavenly Bridegroom cheering
His dear Bride with words of love!
Glory to th' Eternal Father,
Glory to th' Incarnate Son,
Glory to the Holy Spirit,
Glory to the Three in One.
-

ADESTE FIDELES.

Air 4.

- 1 ADESTE fideles,
Læti triumphantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem.
Natum videte, Regem angelorum.
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus Dominum.
- 2 Deum de Deo,
Lumen de lumine,
Gestant puellæ viscera.
Deum verum Genitum, non factum.
Venite adoremus, &c.

- 3 Cantet nunc Io
Chorus angelorum,
Cantet nunc aula cœlestium.
Gloria, gloria in excelsis Deo.
Venite adoremus, &c.
- 4 Ergo qui natus
Die hodierna,
Jesu tibi sit gloria.
Patris æternæ verbum caro factum.
Venite adoremus, &c.
-

WITH HEARTS TRULY GRATEFUL.

Air 4.

- 1 WITH hearts truly grateful,
Come all ye faithful,
To Jesus, to Jesus in Bethlehem;
See Christ your Saviour,
Heaven's greatest favor.
Let's hasten to adore Him;
Let's hasten to adore Him;
Let's hasten to adore Him;
Our God and King.
- 2 God to God equal
Light of Light eternal;
Carried in Virgin's ever spotless womb.
He all preceded,
Begotten not created.
Let's hasten, &c.
- 3 Angels now praise Him,
Loud their voices raising,
The heavenly mansions with joy now ring.
Praise, honor, glory,
To Him who is most holy.
Let's hasten, &c.

- 4 To Jesus, born this day,
Grateful homage repay;
To Him who all heavenly gifts doth bring.
Word uncreated,
To our flesh united.
Let's hasten, &c.
-

COME ALL YE FAITHFUL.

Air 5.

- 1 COME all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
O hasten, O hasten to Bethlehem;
See in a manger the monarch of angels.
O come and let us worship,
O come and let us worship,
O come and let us worship,
Christ the Lord,
O come and let us worship,
Christ the Lord.
- 2 God of God, eternal, Light from Light proceeding,
He deigns in the Virgin's womb to lie;
Very God of very God, begotten not created.
O come and let us worship, &c.
- 3 Sing alleluia, all ye choirs of angels,
O sing all ye Citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God in the highest heaven.
O come and let us worship, &c.
- 4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning,
To Thee O Jesus be glory given;
True Word of the Father in our flesh appearing.
O come and let us worship, &c.

HISTORY OF THE BIRTH OF OUR LORD.

Air 6.

CHO.—COME, let us muse devoutly
 On Jesus, born on Christmas day;
 'Tis our Lord's sweetest mystery,
 Which does His love explain.

SOLO.

1 Joseph and Mary who both trace
 To David their true royal race,
 Arriv'd in Bethle'm find no place,
 Except a wretched stable,
 Which by the Saviour's blessed birth
 Becomes most honorable,
 The holiest shrine on earth.—*Chorus.*

2 Night has now spread all her shadows;
 Stern, sad, and cold herself she shows,
 Just as if to foretell great woes.
 Thus she figures but weakly,
 The darker night of sin and crime,
 Which kept men in security,
 From th' earliest age of time.—*Chorus.*

3 Around now reigns th' hour of midnight,
 When suddenly appears a light,
 Which makes the stable heavenly bright.
 The Word made flesh, lo! leaves then
 The blessed womb of Mary dear,
 And comes to view as even
 A ray through crystal clear.—*Chorus.*

4 His Mother takes the Holy child,
 Admires His face, so dearly mild,
 Adores her God in her own child.
 Saint Joseph close by Mary,
 In rapture reverently kneels,
 The Babe looks at him gently,
 How happy now he feels.—*Chorus.*

DEAR LITTLE ONE!

Airs 7, 8, 13, 30, 46.

- 1 DEAR little One! how sweet Thou art,
Thine eyes so brightly shine;
So bright, they almost seem to speak,
When Mary's looks meet Thine!
How faint and feeble is Thy cry,
Like plaint of harmless dove,
When Thou dost murmur in thy sleep,
Of sorrow and of love.
- 2 When Mary bids Thee sleeps, Thou sleep'st,
Thou wakest when she calls;
Thou art content upon her lap,
Or in the rugged stalls.
Simplest of Babes! with what a grace
Thou dost Thy mother's will;
Thine infant fashions well betray
The Godhead's hidden skill.
- 3 When Joseph takes Thee in his arms
And smooths Thy little cheek,
Thou lookest up into his face,
So helpless and so meek.
Yes! Thou art what Thou seem'st to be,
A thing of smiles and tears;
Yet Thou art God, and heav'n and earth
Adore Thee with their fears.

ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD.

Air 9.

- 1 ANGELS we have heard on high—
Sweetly singing o'er the plains,
And the mountains in reply
Echo back their joyous strains
||:Gloria in excelsis Deo.:||

- 2 Shepherds why this jubilee?
 Why your rapturous strains prolong?
 Say what may the tidings be,
 Which inspire your heav'nly song.
 ||:Gloria in excelsis Deo.:||
- 3 Come to Bethlehem, come and see,
 Him whose birth the angels sing;
 Come adore on bended knee,
 Th' Infant Christ, the newborn King.
 ||:Gloria in excelsis Deo.:||
- 4 See within a manger laid,
 Jesus, Lord of heav'n and earth!
 Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,
 With us sing our Saviour's birth.
 ||:Gloria in excelsis Deo.:||
-

WHAT LOVELY INFANT CAN THIS BE?

Airs 10, 11, 109.

- 1 WHAT lovely Infant can this be,
 That in the little crib I see?
 So sweetly on the straw it lies,
 It must have come from Paradise.
- 2 Who is that Lady kneeling by,
 And gazing on so tenderly?
 Oh! that is Mary, ever blest,
 How full of joy her holy breast.
- 3 What man is that who seems to smile,
 And look so blissful all the while?
 'Tis holy Joseph good and true,
 The Infant makes him happy too.

- 4 What makes the crib so bright and clear?
 What voices sing so sweetly here?
 Ah! see behind the window pane,
 The little angels looking in.
- 5 Who are those people kneeling down,
 With crooked sticks and hands so brown?
 'The shepherds from the mountain top,
 The little angels woke them up.
- 6 The ox and ass how still and mild,
 They stand beside the Holy Child,
 The little body underneath,
 They warm so kindly with their breath.
- 7 Hail, holy cave! tho' dark thou be,
 The world is lighted up from thee;
 Hail, Holy Babe, Creation stands,
 And moves upon Thy little hands.
-

IN BETHLEHEM TOWN.

Airs 12, 30, 83, 121.

- 1 In Bethlehem Town He lay Him down,
 Within a place obscure;
 O little Bethlehem, poor in walls,
 But rich in furniture.

CHORUS.

||: Since Heav'n is now come down below,
 Hither the angels fly;
 Hark! how the heav'nly voices sing,
 Glory to God on high. :||

- 2 The news is spread, the shepherds heard,
 And troubled Salem's peace,
 King Herod groaned upon his throne,
 For fear his reign would cease.
 Since Heav'n is now, &c.

- 3 Wise kings from far beheld the star,
Which was their faithful guide,
Until it pointed out the Babe,
And Him they glorified.
Since Heav'n is now, &c.
- 4 The blazing star did shine so far,
That all the world might see,
And nations bound in darkness found;
True light and liberty.
Since Heav'n is now, &c.
-

JESUS, THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE.

Airs 13, 44, 83.

- 1 JESUS, the very Thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest;
No sound, no harmony so gay,
Can art of music frame,
No thought can reach, no word can say,
The sweets of Thy blest Name.
- 2 O hope of ev'ry contrite heart!
O joy of all the weak:
To those who fall how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!
But what to those who find? oh! this,
No tongue, no pen can show;
The love of Jesus what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

- 3 O Jesus, light of all below!
 Thou Fount of life and fire,
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 All that we can desire.
 May every heart confess Thy Name,
 And ever Thee adore!
 And seeking Thee, itself inflame,
 To seek Thee more and more.
- 4 O Jesus! Thou the beauty art
 Of angel worlds above;
 Thy Name is music to the heart,
 Enchanting it with love.
 For Thee I yearn, for Thee I sigh;
 When wilt Thou come to me,
 And make me glad eternally,
 With one blest sight of Thee?
-

STABAT MATER.

Air 14.

- 1 STABAT Mater dolorosa,
 Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
 Dum pendebat Filius.
- 2 Cujus animam gementem,
 Contristatam et dolentem,
 Pertransivit gladius.
- 3 O quam tristis et afflicta,
 Fuit illa benedicta,
 Mater Unigeniti!
- 4 Quæ mœrebat et dolebat,
 Pia Mater dum videbat
 Nati pœnas inclyti.

- 5 Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto suplicio?
- 6 Quis non posset contristari,
Christi Matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio?
- 7 Pro peccatis suæ gentis,
Vidit Jesum in tormentis
Et flagellis subditum.
- 8 Vidit suum dulcem natum,
Moriendo desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.
- 9 Eia Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac ut tecum lugeam.
- 10 Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.
- 11 Sancta Mater istud agas
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.
- 12 Tui nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Pœnas mecum divide.
- 13 Fac me tecum pie flere
Crucifixo condolere
Donec ego vixero.
- 14 Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociare
In planctu desidero.

AT THE CROSS HER STATION KEEPING.

Air 14.

- 1 At the cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last:
Through her heart, his sorrow sharing,
All his bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword has passed.
- 2 Oh, how sad and sore distressed
Was that mother highly blest
Of the sole begotten One!
Christ above in torment hangs;
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying glorious Son.
- 3 Is there one who would not weep,
Whelmed in miseries so deep
Christ's dear mother to behold?
Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
In that mother's pain untold?
- 4 Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
She beheld her tender child
All with bloody scourges rent,
For the sin of his own nation
Saw him hang in desolation,
Till his spirit forth he sent.
- 5 Let me mingle tears with thee,
Mourning him who mourned for me,
All the days that I may live:
By the cross with thee to stay;
There with thee to weep and pray,
Is all I ask of thee to give.

6 O thou mother! font of love!
Touch my spirit from above,
Make my heart with thine accord,
Make me feel as thou hast felt;
Make my soul to glow and melt
With the love of Christ my Lord.

7 Virgin of all virgins blest!
Listen to my fond request;
Let me share thy grief divine;
Let me, to my latest breath,
In my body bear the death
Of that dying Son of thine.

8 Holy mother! pierce me through;
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Saviour crucified:
Let me share with thee His pain,
Who for all my sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.

9 Wounded with his every wound,
Steep my soul till it has swooned
In His very blood away.
While my body here decays,
May my soul thy goodness praise,
Safe in Paradise with thee.

THOU LOVING MAKER OF MANKIND.

Air 120.

1 THOU loving Maker of mankind,
Before Thy throne we pray and weep;
O, strengthen us with grace divine,
Duly this sacred time to keep.

- 2 Great Judge of hearts, Thou dost discern
Our ills, and all our weakness know;
Again to Thee with tears we turn,
Again to us Thy mercy show.
 - 3 Much have we sinned; but we confess
Our guilt, and all our faults deplore:
O, for the praise of Thy great Name,
Our fainting souls to health restore.
 - 4 And grant us, while by fasts we strive
This mortal body to control,
To fast from all the food of sin,
And so to purify the soul.
 - 5 Hear us, O Trinity thrice blest;
Sole Unity, to Thee we cry;
Vouchsafe us from these fasts below
To reap immortal fruit on high.
-

JESUS CRUCIFIED.

Air 16.

- 1 O, COME and mourn with me awhile;
See, Mary calls us to her side;
Oh, come and let us mourn with her:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!
- 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!
- 3 Seven times He spoke, seven words of love,
And all three hours his silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

- 4 Come, take Thy stand beneath the Cross,
And let the Blood from out that Side
Fall gently on thee drop by drop:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!
- 5 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's cradle is:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!
- 6 O Love of God! O Sin of Man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love,
For He, our Love is crucified!

THE PASSION.

Airs 17, 18, 1.

- 1 CHRISTIANS who of Jesus' sorrows,
Come the doleful tale to hear,
See what streams of blood flow for us,
Blend, ah! blend at least a tear.
Lo! for sins our own devoted,
Bleeds the victim from on high,
By his suff'rings animated,
For him live and for him die.
- 2 In a lonely garden praying
Conflicts rude oppress His soul,
Fear and hope His soul assailing
Strive by turns His will to rule.
Now doth fear command imperious,
Now strong efforts love combines;
Love at length prevails victorious,
He to death Himself resigns.

3 Doom'd to death new Isaac willing,
 Loaded with the heavy tree,
 In His heart our sins bewailing,
 He ascends Mount Calvary.
 Lo! His hands and feet are pierc'd thro'.
 On the bloody cross He lies;
 Streams of vital blood flow for you,
 Sinners He's your sacrifice.

4 Now behold the man of sorrows,
 On the cross exalted high;
 Suff'ring, bleeding, dying for us,
 Now behold salvation nigh.
 Satan our great foe lies vanquish'd,
 Mary's seed has bruised his head;
 Our redemption is accomplish'd,
 Jesus has our ransom paid.

5 He expires in sad convulsions;
 Nature comfortless bemoans;
 Heaven and earth and all creation
 Trembling echo doleful groans.
 Ah! shall man a sight so woful,
 View alone with tearless eye?
 Grant, O Jesus! I may grateful,
 With Thee mourn and with Thee die.

JESUS! JESUS! BEHOLD AT LENGTH.

Air 19.

1 JESUS! Jesus! behold at length a time,
 When I resolve to turn away from crime.
 Pardon me, Jesus! Thy mercy I implore,
 I never will offend Thee,
 No, no, never more,
 I never will offend Thee!
 No, no, never more!

- 2 Jesus! my soul Thy precious blood hath cost,
Suffer me not forever to be lost.
Pardon me, Jesus! Thy mercy I implore,
I never will offend Thee,
No, no, never more,
I never will offend Thee!
No, no, never more!
-

CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TO-DAY.

Airs 20, 22, 33, 122.

- 1 CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to-day;
Christians haste your vows to pay;
Offer ye your praises meet,
At the paschal Victim's feet.
For the sheep the Lamb hath bled,
Sinless in the sinner's stead;
Christ the Lord is ris'n on high,
Now He dies no more to die!
- 2 Christ the victim undefiled,
Man to God hath reconciled,
When in strange and awful strife,
Met together death and life.
Christians on this happy day,
Haste with joy your vows to pay;
Christ the Lord is ris'n on high,
Now He lives no more to die!
- 3 Christ who once for sinners bled,
Now the first-born from the dead,
Thron'd in endless might and pow'r,
Lives and reigns for ever more.
Hail, eternal hope on high!
Hail, Thou King of victory!
Hail, Thou Prince of life ador'd!
Help and save us, gracious Lord!

- 4 Say, O wond'ring Mary, say,
 What thou sawest ou the way.
 "I beheld where Christ had lain,
 Empty tombs and angels twain;
 I beheld the glory bright
 Of the rising Lord of Light;
 Christ my hope is ris'n again:
 Now He lives, and lives to reign."
-

TO-DAY HE'S RISEN.

Air 21.

- 1 TO-DAY He's ris'n, death no more
 Shall bind Him to the grave;
 No more can hell or sin's fell pow'r
 O'er Him dominion have.
 He likened to our sinful form,
 Once dcom'd himself to die,
 That He by death might death o'ercome,
 Its deadly sting destroy.
 ||: Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.: ||
- 2 O death! where is thy mortal sting?
 Where's now thy victory?
 To-day His glorious praise we sing,
 Who triumphed ever thee.
 Not triumphed for Himself alone,
 But by His mighty pow'r,
 Taught us to triumph in our turn,
 Nor dread thy terrors more,
 ||: Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.: ||
- 3 I know that my Redeemer lives,
 And reigns above the skies;
 He will revive my dust again,
 And bid my body rise.

Then cloth'd in my own glorious flesh,
 I shall behold His face,
 That sweet hope in my bosom glows,
 And cheers my ling'ring days.
 ||:Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.:||

JESUS RISEN.

Airs 24, 42, 53, 118.

- 1 ALL hail, dear Conqueror! all hail,
 Oh, what a victory is Thine!
 How beautiful Thy strength appears,
 Thy crimson wounds how bright they
 shine!
 Thou camest at the dawn of day:
 Armies of souls around Thee were,
 Blest spirits thronging to adore
 Thy Flesh, so marvellous, so fair.
- 2 The everlasting Godhead lay
 Shrouded within those Limbs Divine,
 For left untenanted one hour
 That Sacred Human Heart of Thine.
 They worshipped Thee, those ransomed
 souls,
 With the fresh strength of love set free;
 They worshipped joyously, and thought
 Of Mary while they looked on Thee.
- 3 And Thou too, Soul of Jesus! Thou
 Towards that sacred Flesh did yearn,
 And for the beatings of that Heart
 How ardently Thy love did burn!
 They worshipped while the beauteous Soul
 Paused by the Body's wounded Side:—
 Bright flashed the cave—before them stood
 The Living Jesus glorified.

- 4 Ye Heavens, how sang they in your courts,
 How sang the angelic choirs that day,
 When from His tomb the imprisoned God,
 Like the strong sunrise broke away!
 Down, down, all lofty things on earth,
 And worship Him with joyous dread!
 O Sin! Thou art undone by love!
 O Death! thou art discomfitted!
-

HAIL THE HOLY DAY OF DAYS!

Airs 22, 30, 33, 122.

- 1 HAIL! the holy day of days,
 High the song of triumph raise,
 To the Saviour glory tell,
 How the cross hath vanquished hell
 By the precious blood are we
 Now redeemed of Christ and free,
 High thanksgiving therefore raise,
 Sing the great Redeemer's praise.
- 2 Now the glorious victory won,
 Thou the everlasting Son,
 With the Father thron'd on high,
 Rulest all below the sky.
 King of kings, Thy saints unite
 To the choir of angels bright,
 Alleluia, Lord we sing,
 Jesus Christ Redeemer King.
-

OUR LORD IS RISEN.

Airs 24, 42, 119.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high,
 The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

CHO. Who is the King of glory? who?
The Lord that all his foes overcame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'er-
threw,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way.
Who is the King, &c.

3 Loose all your bars of massive light,
And wide unfold th'etherial scene;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of glory in.
Who is the King, &c.

O THOU ETERNAL KING MOST HIGH.

Airs 13, 30, 46.

1 O THOU eternal King most high,
Who didst the world redeem;
And conquering death and hell, receive
A dignity supreme.
Thou to Thy heavenly throne this day
Didst in Thy might ascend;
Thenceforth to reign in sovereign power,
And glory without end.

2 There seated in Thy majesty,
To Thee submissive bow
The spacious earth, the highest heaven,
The depths of hell below.

There, waiting for Thy faithful souls,
 Be Thou to us, O Lord,
 Our peerless joy while here we stay,
 In Heav'n our great reward.

- 3 Renew our strength; our sins forgive;
 Our miseries efface;
 And lift our souls aloft to Thee,
 By Thy celestial grace.
 So, when Thou shinest on the cloud,
 With Thy angelic train,
 May we be saved from vengeance due,
 And our lost crowns regain.
-

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

Airs 25, 153.

- 1 VENI Creator Spiritus
 Mentis tuorum visita,
 Imple superna gratia
 Quae tu creasti pectora.
- 2 Qui diceris Paraclitus,
 Altissimi donum Dei,
 Fons vivus ignis charitas,
 Et Spiritualis unctio.
- 3 Tu septiformis munere,
 Digitus Paternae dexteræ,
 Tu rite promissum Patris
 Sermone ditans guttura.
- 4 Accende lumen sensibus,
 Infunde amorem cordibus
 Infirma nostri corporis
 Virtute firmans perpeti.

- 5 Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus;
Ductore sic te prævio,
Vitemus omne noxium.
- 6 Per te sciamus da Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Teque utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.
- 7 Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Nunc et per omne sæculum. Amen.
-

COME, HOLY GHOST.

Airs 26, 27.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, send down those beams,
Come, Holy Ghost, send down those beams,
Which sweetly flows in silent streams.
From Thy bright throne above.
- 2 O come Thou Father of the poor,
Thou bounteous source of all our store,
Come, warm our hearts with love divine,
Come, warm our hearts with love divine,
Thou bounteous source of all our store,
Come warm our hearts with love.
Come, Holy Ghost, &c.
- 3 Come, Thou of Comforters the best;
Come, Thou the soul's delightful guest;
Come, Thou the soul's delightful guest,
The pilgrim's sweet relief.
Come, Holy Ghost, &c.

- 4 Thou art our rest in toil and sweat,
 Refreshment in excessive heat;
 Refreshment in excessive heat,
 And solace in our grief.
 Come, Holy Ghost, &c.
- 5 O sacred Light! shoot forth Thy darts;
 O! pierce the centre of these hearts;
 O! pierce the centre of these hearts,
 Whose faith aspires to Thee.
 Come, Holy Ghost, &c.
-

COME, HOLY GHOST, CREATOR BLEST.

Air 23.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, Creator blest,
 And in our hearts take up Thy rest;
 Come with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
 ||:To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.:||
- 2 O Comforter, to Thee we cry;
 Thou heavenly Gift of God Most High;
 Thou Fount of life and Fire of love,
 ||:And sweet anointing from above.:||
- 3 O Holy Ghost, thro' Thee alone,
 Know we the Father and the Son:
 Be this our never-changing creed,
 ||:That Thou dost from them both proceed.:||
- 4 Praise we the Father and the Son,
 And Holy Spirit with them One;
 And may the Son on us bestow
 ||:The gifts that from the Spirit flow.:||

SEE THE PARACLETE DESCENDING.

Airs 29, 3, 78, 91, 130.

- 1 SEE the Paraclete descending,
 Burning with celestial fire;
 Grace and truth on Him attending,
 Men with heav'nly love inspire.

CHO.--Let us Alleluia singing,
 Offer Him our grateful lays,
 He all heavenly graces bringing,
 ||:Merits everlasting praise.:||

- 2 Men in ev'ry danger fearing,
 Now the greatest dangers scorn;
 Midst the torments persevering,
 Show themselves in Christ new-born.
 Let us Alleluia, &c.

- 3 Source of love, our hearts inflaming
 With true zeal and virtue pure;
 Grant we may in Heaven reigning,
 Sing Thy praise for evermore.
 Let us Alleluia, &c.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

HAVE MERCY ON US, GOD MOST HIGH.

Air 30.

- 1 HAVE mercy on us, God Most High!
 Who lift our hearts to Thee,
 Have mercy on us worms of earth,
 Most Holy Trinity!
 Most ancient of all mysteries,
 Before Thy throne we lie;
 ||:Have mercy now, most merciful,
 Most Holy Trinity!:||

2 When Heav'n and earth were yet unmade,
 When time was yet unknown,
 Thou in Thy bliss and majesty,
 Didst live and love alone!
 Thou wert not born, there was no fount
 From which Thy Being flowed;
 ||: There is no end which Thou canst reach,
 But Thou art simply God.:||

3 O! listen then most Pitiful!
 To Thy poor creature's heart,
 It blesses Thee that Thou art God,
 That Thou art what Thou art!
 Most ancient of all mysteries,
 Still at Thy feet we lie;
 ||: Have mercy now, most merciful,
 Most Holy Trinity! :||

O THOU IMMORTAL LIGHT DIVINE.

Air 28.

1 O THOU immortal Light divine,
 Dread Trinity in Unity,
 Almighty One, Almighty Trine,
 ||: Give ear to Thy creation's cry.:||

2 Father, in majesty enthron'd,
 Thee we confess, with Thy dear Son;
 Thee, Holy Ghost, eternal Bond
 ||: Of love, uniting Both in One.:||

3 Three Persons, One Immensity,
 Encircling utmost space and time;
 One Greatness, Glory, Sanctity,
 ||: One everlasting Truth sublime.:||

- 4 Thou solely didst the worlds create,
 Subsisting still by Thy decree;
 Thou art the light, the glory great,
 ||: And prize of all who hope in Thee. : ||
- 5 O Lord, most holy, wise, and just,
 Author of nature, God of grace;
 Grant that as now in Thee we trust,
 ||: So we may see Thee face to face. : ||
- 6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Triunal Lord of earth and Heaven,
 From earth and from the heavenly host
 ||: Be sempiternal glory given. : ||

LAUDA SION.

Air 31.

- 1 LAUDA Sion Salvatorem,
 Lauda Ducem et Pastorem,
 In hymnis et canticis.
 Quantum potes tantum aude;
 Quia major omni laude,
 ||: Nec laudare sufficis. : |
- 2 Laudis thema specialis,
 Panis vivus et vitalis
 Hodie proponitur.
 Quem in sacræ mensa cœnæ,
 Turbæ fratrum duodenæ,
 ||: Datum non ambigitur. : ||
- 3 Sit laus plena sit sonora,
 Sit jucunda, sit decora,
 Mentis jubilatio.

Dies enim sollemnis agitur
In qua mensæ prima recolitur,
||: Hujus institutio.: ||

- 4 Ecce panis angelorum,
Factus cibus viatorum,
Vere panis filiorum.
In figuris præsignatur,
Cum Isaac immolatur,
Agnus paschæ deputatur,
Datur manna patribus.

JESUS, MY LORD, MY GOD.

Airs 32, 24, 119.

- 1 JESUS, my Lord, my God, my all!
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how revere this wondrous gift,
So far surpassing hope or thought?

CHO.--Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore,
O make us love Thee more and more,
O make us love Thee more and more.

- 2 Had I but Mary's sinless heart
To love Thee with, my dearest King,
O with what bursts of fervent praise
Thy goodness Jesus, would I sing!
Sweet Sacrament! &c.

- 3 O see! within a creature's hand
The vast Creator deigns to be,
Reposing, infant-like, as though
On Joseph's arm, on Mary's knee!
Sweet Sacrament! &c.

- 4 Thy Body, Soul, and Godhead, all
 O mystery of love divine!—
 I cannot compass all I have,
 For all Thou hast and art are mine!
 Sweet Sacrament! &c.
- 5 Sound, sound His praises higher still,
 And come, ye Angels, to our aid,
 'Tis God! 'tis God! the very God,
 Whose pow'r both man and angels
 made!
 Sweet Sacrament! &c.
- 6 O earth, grow flow'rs beneath His feet,
 And thou, O sun, shine bright this day!
 He comes! He comes! O Heav'n on earth!
 Our Jesus comes upon His way!
 Sweet Sacrament! &c.
-

SING, MY TONGUE, THE SAVIOUR'S GLORY.

Airs 47, 167.

- 1 SING, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,
 Of His Flesh the mystery sing;
 Of the Blood, all price exceeding,
 Shed by our immortal King,
 Destin'd, for the world's redemption,
 From a noble womb to spring.
- 2 Of a pure and spotless Virgin
 Born for us on earth below,
 He, as Man with man conversing,
 Stay'd, the seeds of truth to sow;
 Then he closed with solemn order
 Wondrously His life of woe.

- 3 On the night of that Last Supper,
Seated with His chosen band,
He, the paschal victim eating,
First fulfills the Law's command;
Then as Food to all His brethren
Gives Himself with His own hand.
- 4 Word made Flesh, the bread of nature
By His word to Flesh He turns;
Wine into His Blood He changes:—
What though sense no change discerns?
Only be the heart in earnest,
Faith her lesson quickly learns.
- 5 Down in adoration falling.
Lo, the sacred Host we hail;
Lo, o'er ancient forms departing,
Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith for all defects supplying,
Where the feeble senses fail.
- 6 To the everlasting Father,
And the Son who reigns on high,
With the Holy Ghost proceeding
Forth from Each eternally,
Be salvation, honor, blessing,
Might and endless majesty.
-

PANGE LINGUA GLORIOSI.

Airs 47, 167.

- 1 PANGE lingua gloriosi
Corporis mysterium,
Sanguinisque pretiosi
Quem in mundi pretium
Fructus ventris generosi;
Rex effudit gentium.

- 2 Nobis datus, nobis natus
Ex intacta Virgine,
Et in mundo conversatus,
Sparso verbi semine,
Sui moras incolatus
Miro clausit ordine.
- 3 In supremæ nocte cœnæ
Recumbens cum fratribus,
Observata lege plene
Cibis in legalibus,
Cibum turbæ duodenæ
Se dat suis manibus.
- 4 Verbum caro panem verum
Verbo carnem efficit:
Fitque sanguis Christi merum,
Et si sensus deficit,
Ad firmandum cor cincerum
Sola fides sufficit.
- 5 Tantum ergo Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui;
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui:
Præstet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.
- 6 Genitori, Genitoque
Laus et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque,
Sit et benedictio:
Procedenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio.

V. Panem de cælo præstitisti eis.

R. Omne delectamentum | in se habentem.

WHEN OUR SAVIOUR WISHED TO PROVE.

Airs 33, 20, 122.

1 WHEN our Saviour wished to prove
 All the fullness of His love,
 He gave us, ere life was spent,
 The thrice Holy Sacrament.
 It is here His burning heart
 Would to all its flames impart;
 Thus He speaks with love divine,
 ||: Give me, oh give me that heart of thine. : ||

2 When the dark and stormy night
 Fills the soul with wild affright;
 From the cloudlet where He hides
 Soon a ray of comfort glides.
 Where the tear of mis'ry falls,
 Where the voice of sorrow calls;
 Still He speaks with love divine,
 ||: Give me, oh give me that heart of thine. : ||

3 Can the Saint's ecstatic flight,
 Can the winged Seraph's might,
 To their Lord approach more near
 Than do we poor sinners here?
 God Himself we here receive,
 Nobler gift He cannot give;
 Yet He breathes with love divine,
 ||: Give me, oh give me that heart of thine. : ||

JESUS! SAVIOUR OF MY SOUL.

Air 34.

1 JESUS! Saviour of my soul,
 Let me to Thy refuge fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is nigh.

SOLO.—Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into Thy haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.

CHO.—Jesus: Saviour of my soul,
 Let me to Thy refuge fly;
 Ave, Ave, Jesus mild,
 Deign to hear Thy lowly child.

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,
 Leave, oh leave me not alone,
 Still support and strengthen me.

SOLO.—Hide me, &c.

3 All my trust in Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head,
 With the cover of Thy wing.

SOLO.—Hide me, &c.

ASPIRATIONS BEFORE COMMUNION.

Air 35.

1 SOUL of my Saviour, sanctify my breast;
 Thy blessed body be my saving Guest.
 Blood of my Jesus, bathe me in Thy tide,
 : Wash me, ye waters, streaming from His
 side.:||

2 O Cross! O Death of Jesus, soothe my fears;
 Jesus, O hear my sighs, regard my tears!
 O, hide me in Thy wounds, there may I stay,
 : And never, never more be turned away.:||

- 3 Save me, O save me from my deadly foe!
Call me at death from off my bed of woe!
And take me to Thy arms to hymn Thy
praise,
||: Among Thy Saints in heaven thro' endless
days.: ||
-

CAN IT BE THAT MY GOD.

Airs 36, 37.

- 1 CAN it be that my God
Comes down from Heaven.
Makes my poor heart His abode,
To me is given!
Yes, yes, within my breast
Soon shall my Jesus rest,
Soon shall He be my guest,
Nor thence be driven!
- 2 No, no, my bleeding heart,
Leave Thee! no never,
Never more shall He depart,
What can us sever?
No, no, I hear Him say,
With my beloved I'll stay,
My love shall ne'er decay,
But last for ever.
- 3 Then O my Jesus come,
Come to this dwelling,
Make my poor heart now Thy home,
Make Thine each feeling.
Still, still my blessed God,
Feed me with this sweet food,
Still with Thy sacred blood,
All my wounds healing.

4 What save my God above,
Have I in Heaven?
And what to win my love,
Can here be given?
Then, then my happy soul,
Thou shalt alone control;
Thou shalt possess the whole,
To Thee still cleaving.

5 O, for such love as this,
What now returning,
What shall return such bliss,
But a heart burning?
Burning with flames of love
Till with my God above,
His endless joys I prove,
With Him sojourning.

O POWER DIVINE! O CHARITY!

Air 38.

- 1 O POWER divine! O charity!
Heav'n's choicest blessings wait on Thee,
In Thee the source of ev'ry grace,
In Thee the soothing balm of peace.
Celestial gift! O heav'nly fire,
That burns up each corrupt desire,
That made the martyrs smile at death,
And in sweet raptures yield their breath.
- 2 O come to me, my bosom warm,
And shield me from surrounding harm;
So may I at the parting hour,
Rejoice to meet death's fatal pow'r.

My soul well fortified by Thee,
 Triumphant gains eternity;
 By sweet attraction drawn above,
 Absorbed, and lost in heav'nly love.

WHAT HAPPINESS CAN EQUAL MINE?

Air 39.

- 1 WHAT happiness can equal mine?
 I've found the object of my love:
 My Jesus dear, my King Divine,
 Is come to me from heav'n above;
 He chose my heart for His abode,
 He there becomes my daily bread;
 There on me flows His healing blood;
 There with His flesh my soul is fed.

CHO.—What happiness can equal mine?
 I've found the object of my love!
 My Jesus dear, my King Divine,
 Is come to me from heav'n above.

- 2 I am my love's, and He is mine:
 In me He dwells, in Him I live;
 What greater treasures could I find?
 And could, ye heav'ns, a greater give?
 O sacred banquet, heav'nly feast!
 O overflowing source of grace,
 Where God the food, and man, the guest,
 Meet and unite in sweet embrace!
 What happiness, &c.

- 3 Ye angels, lend your heav'nly tongue,
 Come and with me in praises join;
 Come and unite in joyful songs,
 Your sweet, immortal voice to mine.

Oh, that I had your burning hearts,
 To love my God, my spouse most dear!
 Oh, that He would with flaming darts
 Raise in my heart a heav'nly fire.
 What happiness, &c.

- 4 Dear Jesus! now my heart is Thine;
 Oh, may it from Thee never fly!
 Hold it with chains of love divine,
 Make it be Thine eternally.
 Vain objects that seduced my soul,
 I now despise your fleeting charms:
 In vain temptation's billows roll,
 I lie secure in Jesus' arms.
 What happiness, &c.
-

MY SOUL, WHAT DOST THOU?

Airs 80, 85.

- 1 My soul, what dost thou? Answer me,
 Love God, who loves thee well:
 Love only does He ask of thee;
 Can'st thou His love repel?
 See how on earth, for love of thee,
 In lowly form of bread,
 The Sov'reign Good and Majesty
 His dwelling-place has made.
- 2 He bids thee now His friendship prove,
 And at His table eat;
 To share the bread of life and love.
 His own true flesh thy meat.
 What other gift so great, so high,
 Could God Himself impart?
 Could love divine do more to buy
 The love of thy poor heart?

- 3 Though once in agonies of pain
 Upon the Cross He died,
 A love so great, not even then
 Was wholly satisfied;
 Not till the hour when He had found
 The sweet mysterious way
 To join His heart in closest bond
 To thy poor heart of clay.
- 4 How, then, amid such ardent flame,
 My soul, dost thou not burn?
 Canst thou refuse for very shame
 A loving heart's return?
 Then yield thy heart at length to love
 That God of charity,
 Who gives His very Self to prove
 The love He bears to thee!
-

PRESERVE, MY JESUS, O PRESERVE.

Airs 40, 119, 125.

- 1 PRESERVE, my Jesus, O preserve
 My soul to everlasting life,
 O may this blest Communion serve,
 To aid my soul in passion's strife.

CHO.—Oh may Thy body, may Thy blood
 Be to my soul a saving food.

- 2 Take then my thoughts from all but Thee,
 To Thee may every impulse tend
 May piety increase, and pray'r
 Mine ev'ry thought, word, action share

CHO.—The gift of love my sole request—
 Thou, God of love! wilt grant the rest,

- 3 And Thou, eternal Godhead! see
 The Son beloved, once giv'n for me;
 See my Redeemer now the guest
 Of this poor lonely, honored breast.

CHO.—See, see thy Jesus, Him I bring,
 Accept, accept mine offering.

JESUS, GENTLEST SAVIOUR.

Airs 41, 72.

- 1 JESUS, gentlest Saviour!
 God of might and power;
 Thou Thyself art dwelling,
 In us at this hour.
 Nature cannot hold Thee,
 Heav'n is all too strait
 ||: For Thine endless glory,
 And Thy royal state.:||
- 2 Out beyond the shining
 Of the farthest star,
 Thou art ever stretching
 Infinitely far.
 Yet the hearts of children,
 Hold what worlds cannot,
 ||: And the God of wonders,
 Loves the lowly spot.:||
- 3 Oh! how can we thank Thee
 For a gift like this,
 Gift that truly maketh
 Heaven's eternal bliss!

Ah! when wilt Thou always
Make our hearts Thy home?
||: We must wait for Heaven,
Then the day will come.:||

4 Now at last we'll keep Thee,
All the time we may,
But Thy grace and blessing,
We will keep always.
When our hearts Thou leavest
Worthless tho' they be,
||: Give them to Thy Mother
To be kept for Thee.:||

COMMUNION OF CHILDREN.

Airs 42, 24, 53, 118, 119.

- 1 WHAT light is streaming from the skies,
Revealing heaven to mortal eyes,
What voice is singing from the spheres,
Angelic hymns to mortal ears?
O holiest mystery of love!
From his resplendent throne above,
The Saviour comes unseen to dwell,
Among the souls He loveth well.
- 2 He cometh not in fiery cloud,
He speaketh not in thunder loud;
He looseth not the storm-wind's breath,
To frighten men with fear of death.
But as He is in heaven above,
He comes in beauty and in love,
To fill with sweetest peace, and cheer
The hearts His own heart holds so dear.

- 3 Your soul must be as white as snow,
When to the mystic feast you go,
There to receive—O heavenly bliss!
Upon your lips the Saviour's kiss.
You will become His happy guest,
A flood of joy shall fill your breast;
All earthly cares shall fade away,
As night before the approach of day.
- 4 The bread of angels will impart
New vigor to your mind and hear ;
You will become a child of truth,
Endowed with everlasting youth.
New virtues in you shall abound,
Like flowers of spring in goodly ground:
The Lord is with you! His right arm
Shall guard your future life from harm.
- 5 O happy soul, O happy soul,
Thy race is sure and heaven the goal;
Thy Saviour loveth thee so well,
That he is come with thee to dwell.
O thou art like an angel now,
Cloud not with sin thy radiant brow;
Live on in hope and purity,
And God will give his heaven to thee.
-

HYMN FOR THE FIRST COMMUNION.

Airs 42, 24, 53, 118, 119.

- 1 My Jesus from His throne above,
A radiant look casts down on me;
And seems so say with fondest love,
“My child prepare, I go to thee.”

Then, Saviour come, do not delay,
 Descend with speed from Heaven above,
 And on this great and glorious day,
 Consume my heart with Thy pure love.

2 Thy words, sweet Lord, ring in my ear,
 As strains of softest melody;
 They raise my hope, they calm my fear,
 And make me long t'approach to Thee.
 Behold me, Lord, beneath this dome,
 And at this great and solemn hour,
 Imploring Thee to make Thy home,
 Within my young heart's nuptial bower.

3 As for the cool and limpid stream,
 The hart doth pant incessantly;
 So, dearest Lord, with love supreme,
 My soul breathes forth her sighs to Thee.
 O deign to hear my suppliant prayer,
 O come, allay my parching thirst:
 No worldly love, no earthly care,
 Within my youthful heart is nursed.

4 My voice I'll blend with Heav'n's sweet choir,
 In hymns of mellow symphony,
 To fitly praise my Heav'nly sire,
 Who deigns to come and dwell with me.
 From this day hence my Lord divine,
 I consecrate myself to Thee;
 O may I be forever Thine,
 In time and in eternity.

ALL YE WHO SEEK A SURE RELIEF.

Air 43.

1 ALL ye who seek a sure relief,
 In trouble or distress,
 Whatever sorrows vex the mind,
 Or guilt the soul oppress.

CHO.—||: Jesus who gave Himself for you,
Upon the cross to die,
Opens to you His sacred Heart;
Oh! to that heart draw nigh.: ||

2 Ye hear how kindly He invites,
Ye hear His words so blest:
“All ye that labor, come to me,
And I will give you rest.”
||: Jesus who gave, &c.: ||

3 What meeker than the Saviour's Heart,
As on the cross He lay?
It did His murderers forgive,
And for their pardon pray.
||: Jesus who gave, &c.: ||

4 O Heart! thou joy of saints on high!
Thou hope of sinners here!
Attracted by those loving words,
To Thee I lift my pray'r.
||: Jesus who gave, &c.: ||

5 Wash Thou my wound in that dear
Blood,
Which forth from Thee did flow;
New grace, new hope inspire; a new
And better heart bestow.
||: Jesus who gave, &c.: ||

O JESUS, JESUS, DEAREST LORD.

Airs 44, 18, 85, 132.

1 O JESUS, Jesus, dearest Lord,
Forgive me if I say,
For very love, Thy sacred Name,
A thousand times a day.

I love Thee so, I know not how
My transports to control;
Thy love is like a burning fire,
Within my very soul.

2 O wonderful! that thou shouldst let
So vile a heart as mine,
Love Thee with such a love as this,
And make so free with Thine.
The craft of this wide world of ours,
Poor wisdom seems to me;
Ah! dearest Jesus, I have grown
Childish with love of Thee.

3 For Thou to me art all in all,
My honor and my wealth,
My heart's desire, my body's strength,
My soul's eternal health.
Burn, burn, O love, within my heart,
Burn fiercely night and day;
Till all the dross of earthly love
Is burned and burned away.

4 O Light in darkness, Joy in grief,
O Heav'n begun on earth!
Jesus! my Love! my treasure! who
Can tell what Thou art worth?
O Jesus, Jesus, sweetest Lord,
What art Thou not to me?
Each hour brings joys before unknown,
Each day new liberty.

5 What limit is there to thee, love?
Thy flight where wilt thou stay?
On, on! our Lord is sweeter far
To-day than yesterday.

O love of Jesus! blessed love!
 So will it ever be;
 Time cannot hold thy wondrous growth,
 No, nor eternity.

TO JESUS' HEART ALL BURNING.

Air 45.

1 To Jesus' Heart, all burning,
 With fervent love for men,
 My heart with fondest yearning
 Shall raise the joyful strain.

CHO.—While ages course along,
 Blest be with loudest song
 The sacred Heart of Jesus,
 By every heart and tongue.

2 O Heart for me on fire,
 With love no man can speak,
 My yet untold desire,
 God gives me for Thy sake.
 While ages, &c.

3 Too true I have forsaken
 Thy flock by willful sin;
 Yet now let me be taken
 Back to Thy fold again.
 While ages, &c.

4 As Thou art meek and lowly,
 And ever pure of heart,
 So may my heart be wholly
 Of Thine the counterpart.
 While ages, &c.

- 5 O that to me were given
 The pinions of a dove,
 I'd speed aloft to heaven
 My Jesus' love to prove.
 While ages, &c.
- 6 When life away is flying,
 And earth's false glare is done,
 Still sacred Heart, in dying,
 I'll say I'm all Thine own.
 While ages, &c.
-

I DWELL A CAPTIVE IN THIS HEART.

Airs 46, 13, 30.

- 1 I DWELL a captive in this Heart
 Inflamed with love divine;
 'Tis here I live alone in peace,
 And constant joy is mine.
 It is the Heart of God's own Son,
 In His humanity,
 Who all enamored of my soul,
 Here burns with love of me.
- 2 Here like the dove within the Ark,
 Securely I repose;
 Since now the Lord is my defence,
 I fear no earthly foes.
 What though I suffer, still in love
 I ever true will be;
 My love of God shall deeper grow,
 When crosses fall on me.
- 3 From every bond of earth, O Lord,
 Thy grace hath set me free;
 My soul delivered from the snare
 Enjoys true liberty.

Nought more can I desire than this,
 To see 'Thy face in Heav'n;
 And this I hope since He on earth
 His Heart in pledge hath giv'n.

HEART OF MARY, HEART THE PUREST.

Airs 47, 55, 77.

- 1 HEART of Mary, heart the purest,
 Ever shrined in mortal frame;
 ||: Blest asylum who securest,
 All who thy protection claim.: ||
 - 2 Hear the prayer of one whose weakness,
 Most demands a mother's care;
 ||: One to whom thy looks, all meekness,
 Counsel hope, forbid despair.: ||
 - 3 Round me tempests gath'ring lower,
 As I tread life's desert way;
 ||: And a foe in matchless power,
 Marks me for his destined prey.: ||
 - 4 To some spot where ne'er might hover,
 Danger's shadow I would flee;
 ||: But, ah! where that spot discover,
 Where, ah! Mary, but in thee.: ||
-

LOVED HEART, ALL MILD, ALL MEEK.

Airs 48, 49.

- 1 LOVED heart, all mild, all meek, all tender,
 The centre of our soul's repose,
 Blest he who basks within Thy splendor,
 Whence rest with light unceasing flows.

CHORUS.

Blest he who in thy heart confiding,
Brings thee the homage of his lays,
Who wealth, and fame, and pomp deriding,
||:Deems serving thee his highest praise.:||

SOLO.

- 2 The skies with dazzling glory beaming,
Before thy heart's bright lustre pale,
The sun with peerless splendor gleaming,
By thee seems covered with a veil;

CHORUS.

Haste on, O Virgin, never falter,
Bring thou thy off'ring to His shrine,
More grateful gift ne'er graced God's altar,
||:Than that unsullied heart of thine..||

SOLO.

- 3 'Tis there thy docile heart submitting,
Unto the word of His decree,
A dwelling, an abode is fitting,
To Christ's divine humanity;

CHORUS.

How passing sweet and how inviting,
The union of those hearts divine,
When Mary's heart with Christ's uniting,
||:Two hearts were won and both were mine.:||

SOLO.

- 4 O heart of Mary, all so tender,
Heart full of bounty and of grace,
Illume us with thy heart's bright splendor,
Have pity on our blinded race.

CHORUS.

Be thou our hope, our strength for ever,
And screen us with thy grace for aye;
And, oh! when death life's thread will sever,
||:Assist us, Mother! on that day.:||

OH! HOW THE HEART OF MARY BURNS.

Airs 50, 42, 118.

- 1 OH! how the heart of Mary burns,
Untired, unchanged, in love, it burns
With ceaseless breathings of desire,
Tow'rds Jesus' Heart its sacred fire.
Heart of the best of mothers! hear,
'The voice of thy poor suppliant's pray'r,
Grant to our hearts, O Heart divine,
Some portion of that love of thine.
- 2 O Mary! be this Heart our stay,
'Till death shall call our souls away
From this frail dust; then, ere we part,
Hide us, O Mary in Thy Heart.
Thro' that pure Heart where thou didst dwell,
That Heart that loved thine own so well,
May all their meed of homage send
To thee for ages without end.

HYMNS TO THE MOST BLESSED VIRGIN.

ON THIS DAY, O BEAUTIFUL MOTHER.

*Month of May.**Air 51.*

- CHO.—On this day, O beautiful Mother,
On this day we give thee our love.
Near thee, Madonna, fondly we hover,
Trusting thy gentle care to prove.
- SOLO.—On this day we ask to share,
Dearest Mother, thy sweet care;
Aid us ere our feet astray,
Wander from thy guiding way.
- CHO.—On this day, &c.

- 2 Queen of angels, deign to hear,
Lisping children's humble pray'r;
Young hearts gain, O Virgin pure,
Sweetly to thyself allure.

CHO.—On this day, &c.

- 3 Rose of Sharon, lovely flow'r,
Beauteous bud of Eden's bow'r;
Cherished lily of the vale,
Virgin Mother, Queen we hail.

CHO.—On this day, &c.

- 4 In vain the flow'rs of love we bring,
In vain sweet music's notes we sing,
If contrite heart and lowly prayer,
Guide not our gifts to thy bright
sphere.

CHO.—On this day, &c.

- 5 Fast our days of life we run,
Soon the night of death will come;
Tower of strength in that dread hour,
Come with all thy gentle power.

CHO.—On this day, &c.

THE MONTH OF MARY.

Airs 41, 72.

- 1 Snow and rain have vanished,
Winds have ceased to wail,
Gloomy winter's banished
From the hill and dale.
Gentle Mother hear us,
At thy altar pray,
Queen of Saints, be near us
On this sweet May-day.

2 Spring hath come with flowers,
Spring hath come with light,
Soft and rosy hours
Fill the day and night.
Stars above us gleaming,
Tell of Mary's worth,
Blossoms 'round us teeming,
Speak her praise to earth.

3 Here below deserving
She was found alone,
God from sin preserving.
Chose her for His own.
Grace as to none other,
Grace to her was given,
She became the mother
Of the King of heaven.

4 God bestowed upon her
Glories all her own:
Earth's sublimest honor,
Heaven's queenly throne.
Taught by Him we love her,
In our simple way,
Placing none above her
On this sweet May-day.

'TIS THE MONTH OF OUR MOTHER.

Air 52.

1 'Tis the month of our Mother,
The blessed and beautiful days,
When our lips and our spirits
Are glowing with love and with praise.

CHO.—All hail! to dear Mary,
 The guardian of our way,
 To the fairest of Queens,
 Be the fairest of seasons, sweet May.

2 Oh! what peace to her children,
 'Mid sorrow and trials to know,
 That the love of their Mother
 Hath ever a solace for woe.
 All hail! &c.

3 And what joy to the erring,
 The sinful and sorrowful soul;
 That a trust in her guidance
 Will lead to a glorious goal.
 All hail! &c.

4 Let us sing then, rejoicing,
 That God hath so honor'd our race,
 As to clothe with our nature,
 Sweet Mary the Mother of grace.
 All hail! &c.

JOY OF MY HEART.

Month of May.

Air 53.

1 Joy of my heart! O let me pay
 To thee thine own sweet month of May.
 Mary! one gift I beg of thee,
 My soul from sin and sorrow free.
 Direct my wand'ring feet aright,
 And be thyself mine own true light.

CHORUS.

Be love of thee the purging fire,
 To cleanse for God my heart's desire,
 Mother, be love of thee a ray

- 2 Mary make haste thy child to win
From sin and from the love of sin;
Mother of God! let my poor love,
A mother's prayer and pity move.
O Mary, when I come to die,
Be thou, thy spouse, and Jesus nigh.

CHORUS.

When mute before the Judge I stand,
My holy shield be Mary's hand,
Oh! Mary! let no child of thine,
In hell's eternal exile pine.

- 3 Sweet Day-Star, let thy beauty be
A light to draw my soul to thee;
We love thee, light of sinner's eyes:
O let thy prayer for sinner's rise.
Look at us, Mother Mary! see,
How piteously we look on thee.

CHORUS.

I am thy slave, nor would I be
For worlds from this sweet bondage free;
Oh! Jesus, Joseph, Mary, deign
My soul in heav'nly ways to train.

- 4 Be love of thee, my whole life long,
A seal upon my wayward tongue.
Write on my heart's most secret core
The five dear wounds that Jesus bore.
O give me tears to shed with thee,
Beneath the Cross of Calvary.

CHORUS.

One more request and I have done;
With love of thee and thy dear Son,
More let me burn, and more each day,
Till love of self is burned away.

HAIL, VIRGIN, DEAREST MARY.

Air 54.

SOLO.—HAIL, Virgin, Dearest Mary!
 Our lovely Queen of May,
 O spotless blessed Lady,
 Our lovely Queen of May.

CHO.—Thy children humbly bending,
 Around thy shrine so dear;
 With heart and voice ascending,
 Sweet Mary hear our prayer.
 Hail, Virgin, &c.

CHO.—Behold earth's blossoms springing,
 In beauteous form and hue;
 All nature gladly bringing
 Her sweetest charms to you.
 Hail, Virgin, &c.

CHO.—We'll gather fresh, bright flowers,
 To bind our fair Queen's brow;
 From gay and verdant bowers,
 We haste to crown thee now.
 Hail, Virgin, &c.

CHO.—And now, our blessed Mother,
 Smile on our festal day;
 Accept our wreath of flowers,
 And be our Queen of May.
 Hail, Virgin, &c.

GLORIOUS MOTHER!

Airs 55, 56, 102.

1 GLORIOUS Mother! from high heaven,
 Down upon thy children gaze,
 Gathered in thy own loved season,
 Thee to bless and thee to praise.

CHO.—See, sweet Mary, on thy altars,
 Bloom the fairest buds of May;
 ||: O may we, earth's sons and daughters,
 Grow, by grace, as pure as they.:||

2 Earth is darksome, we are weary,
 Satan setteth snares for all;
 Pray for us, O tender Mary!
 Pray to Jesus, lest we fall.
 See, sweet Mary, &c.

3 Raise thy voice for us to Jesus,
 In this blessed month of thine;
 Raise thy pure hands up to bless us,
 As we linger round thy shrine.
 See, sweet Mary, &c.

4 Many call upon thee, Mother!
 Some in manhood, strong in youth;
 Some in age, in tender childhood,
 All in loving faith and truth.
 See, sweet Mary, &c.

5 Bless! O bless us, now and ever,
 Thou who once the dark earth trod;
 And when dying, waft our spirits
 To the bosom of our God
 See, sweet Mary, &c.

MOTHER DEAR, O! PRAY FOR ME.

Airs 57, 59.

1 MOTHER dear, O! pray for me,
 Whilst far from Heav'n and thee
 I wander in a fragile bark,
 O'er life's tempestuous sea;

O Virgin Mother, from thy throne,
 So bright in bliss above,
 Protect thy child and cheer my path,
 With thy sweet smile of love.

CHO.—Mother dear, remember me,
 And never cease thy care,
 'Till in heaven eternally,
 Thy love and bliss I share.

2 Mother dear, O! pray for me,
 Should pleasure's syren lay,
 E'er tempt thy child to wander far
 From Virtue's path away;
 When thorns beset life's devious way,
 And darkling waters flow,
 Then Mary, aid thy weeping child,
 Thyself a mother show.
 Mother dear, &c.

3 Mother dear, O! pray for me,
 When all looks bright and fair,
 That I may all my danger see,
 For surely then 'tis near;
 A Mother's pray'r how much we need
 If prosperous be the ray
 That paints with gold the flow'ry mead,
 Which blossoms in our way.
 Mother dear, &c.

MACULA NON EST IN TE.

Air 58.

1 DAUGHTER of a mighty Father,
 Maiden patron of the May,
 Angels forms around thee gather:
 Macula non est in te.
 Macula non est in te.—4 times.

- 2 Mother of the Son and Saviour,
Of the Truth, the Life, the Way,
Guide our footsteps, calm our passions:
Macula non est in te.
Macula non est in te.—4 *times*.
- 3 Spouse of the Eternal Spirit,
Blossom which will ne'er decay,
Let us but thy love inherit,
Macula non est in te.
Macula non est in te.—4 *times*.
- 4 Daughter, Mother, Spouse of Heaven,
Listen to our earnest lay,
Sweetest gift to man e'er given:
Macula non est in te.
Macula non est in te.—4 *times*.
- 5 Here on earth we see but darkly,
But we hail afar the day,
When we'll see thee in thy splendor:
Macula non est in te.
Macula non est in te.—4 *times*.
- 6 We are earth's, Oh! thou who blossom'd
Lily in the thorny way,
Guide and help us, love and bless us:
Macula non est in te.
Macula non est in te.—4 *times*.

OH! MARY! MOTHER MARY!

Airs 60, 75, 84.

- 1 OH! Mary! Mother Mary!
We place our trust in thee,
Our faith shall never vary,
Tho' weak the flesh may be.

CHO.∥: Too oft with steps unwary,
From duty's path we bent:
Oh! Mary! Mother Mary!
Thou teach us to to repent.:∥

2 The grisly form of terror,
Now rises on our way,
Now more seductive error,
Would lead our feet astray.

CHO.∥: Satan is strong and wary,
But thou wilt crush his might:
Oh! Mary! Mother Mary!
Strengthen us in the fight.:∥

3 From dangerous occasions,
That blind imprudent eyes,
From treacherous persuasions,
That point not to the skies.

CHO.∥: From mirth too light and airy,
From thought too sad and deep:
Oh! Mary! Mother Mary!
Thy little children keep.:∥

4 Let us remember ever,
The presence of the Lord;
To serve him let's endeavor,
In thought, in deed, in word.

CHO.∥: As monster or as fairy,
Satan may take the field;
But, Mary! Mother Mary!
Thy name will be our shield.:∥

O DEAREST MOTHER OF MERCY.

Air 61.

CHO.—O DEAREST Mother of mercy,
Gentle and holy queen,

Beauty bright and serene,
 O may we one day in glory
 Blessed Mother of grace,
 Behold thy most sweet face.—3 *times*.

SOLO.—All hail, our admirable Mother,
 Let angels and men sing her praise:
 None after Jesus is above thee,
 For her should be the sweetest lays.
 O dearest Mother, &c.

2 Protect and hear us, gentlest Mary,
 From on high hear our humble cries:
 On us that mourn and weep in mis'ry,
 O turn thy mercy's tender eyes.
 O dearest Mother, &c.

3 O clement, sweet and pious Mary,
 O thou of whom our Lord was born,
 Show us thy Son to make us happy,
 When life at last is from us torn.
 O dearest Mother, &c.

MOTHER MARY, AT THINE ALTAR.

Airs 5, 3, 29, 55, 56, 81.

1 MOTHER Mary, at thine altar
 We thy loving children kneel;
 With a faith that cannot falter
 To thy goodness we appeal.
 We are seeking for a mother
 O'er the earth so waste and wide;
 And from off the Cross our Brother
 Points to Mary by His side.

- 2 Thou wilt love us, thou wilt guide us
With a mother's fondest care;
And our Father, God above us,
Bids us fly for refuge there.
Life's temptations are before us,
We must mingle in the strife;
If thy fondness watch not o'er us,
All unsafe will be our life.
- 3 So we take thee for our Mother
And we claim the right to be,
By the gift of our dear Brother,
Loving children unto thee;
And our humble consecration
Thou wilt surely not despise,
From thy high and lofty station
Close to Jesus in the skies.
- 4 Mother Mary, to thy keeping
We ourselves to thee confide,
Toiling, resting, waking, sleeping,
To be ever at Thy side.
Cares that vex us, joys that please us,
Life and death we trust to thee;
Thou wilt make them all for Jesus,
And for all eternity.
-

O SANCTISSIMA.

Air 62.

- 1 O SANCTISSIMA, O piissima,
Dulcis Virgo Maria,
Mater amata, intemerata,
Ora, ora pro nobis.

2 Tota pulchra es, O Maria,
 Et macula non est in te.
 Mater amata, intemerata,
 Ora, ora pro nobis.

3 Sicut lilium, inter spinas,
 Sic Maria inter filias.
 Mater amata, intemerata,
 Ora, ora pro nobis.

4 In miseria, in angustia,
 Ora Virgo pro nobis.
 Pro nobis ora, in mortis hora,
 Oro, ora pro nobis.

DAILY, DAILY SING TO MARY.

Air 63.

1 DAILY, daily sing to Mary,
 Sing, my soul, her praises due;
 All her feasts, her actions worship,
 With the heart's devotion true.
 Lost in wond'ring contemplation,
 Be her Majesty confess'd;
 Call her Mother, call her Virgin,
 Happy Mother, Virgin blest.

2 She is mighty to deliver;
 Call her, trust her lovingly;
 When the tempest rages round thee,
 She will calm the troubled sea.
 Gifts of heaven she has given,
 Noble Lady, to our race;
 She the Queen who decks her subjects
 With the light of God's own grace.

3 Sing, my tongue, the Virgin's trophies,
Who for us her Maker bore,
For the curse of old inflicted,
Peace and blessing to restore.
Sing in songs of peace unending,
Sing the world's majestic Queen:
Weary not nor faint in telling,
All the gifts she gives to men.

4 All our joys do flow from Mary;
All then join her praise to sing:
Trembling sing the Virgin Mother,
Mother of our Lord and King.
While we sing her awful glory,
Far above our fancy's reach,
Let our hearts be quick to offer
Love alone the heart can teach.

FAIREST OF MORTALS.

Air 64.

1 FAIREST of mortals,
Vase of all blissful grace;
Mary our Mother,
Protectress of this place.
Oh! watch thou o'er our infancy,
And guard our infant purity.

CHO.—Mother, O, hear thy children's fervent
pray'r!
Mother, oh! hear, and take us in thy
care.

2 Fountain e'er flowing,
 Source of immortal life,
 Well-spring of favors,
 With hope and solace rife.
 Oh! be our strength, our hope, and stay,
 And save us from this fearful day.
 Mother, O hear, &c.

3 From early childhood,
 Our hearts to God belong;
 Time but increases,
 And makes the ties more strong.
 Be thou always beside us,
 To lead, to rule, and guide us.
 Mother, O hear, &c.

4 Kind benefactress
 Of childhood's helpless years,
 O sweet protectress,
 In all its risks and fears.
 When life's last throes betide us,
 Come down and stand beside us.
 CHO.—Mother, O, come, and lead us by the
 hand,
 Mother, O lead us to our fatherland.

HAIL, MARY! QUEEN AND VIRGIN PURE.

Air 65.

1 HAIL, Mary! Queen and Virgin pure,
 With ev'ry grace replete!
 Hail, kind protectress of the poor!
 Pity our needy state,

Pity our needy state,
 Pity our needy state.
 Hail, kind protectress of the poor,
 Pity our needy state.

2 O thou who fill'st the highest place
 Next Heaven's imperial throne!
 Obtain for us each saving grace,
 And make our wants thy own,
 And make our wants thy own,
 And make our wants thy own.
 Obtain for us each saving grace,
 And make our wants thy own.

3 How oft when trouble filled my breast,
 Or sin my conscience pained,
 Thro' thee I sought for peace and rest;
 Thro' thee I peace obtained,
 Thro' thee I peace obtained,
 Thro' thee I peace obtained.
 Thro' thee I sought for peace and rest,
 Thro' thee I peace obtained.

4 Then hence, in all my pains and cares,
 I'll seek for help in thee;
 E'er trusting thro' thy pow'rful pray'rs
 To gain eternity,
 To gain eternity,
 To gain eternity.
 E'er trusting thro' thy pow'rful pray'rs,
 To gain eternity.

SUB TUUM PRÆSIDIIUM.

Air 66.

CHO.—SUB tuum præsidium ||: confugimus,: ||
 ||: Sancta Dei Genitrix.: ||

SOLO.—Nostras deprecationes ||: ne despicias,: ||
 In necessitatibus nostris.
 Sub tuum, &c.

SOLO.—Sed a periculis cunctis libera nos semper,
 Virgo gloriosa et benedicta.
 Sub tuum, &c.

AVE MARIA.

Air 67.

AVE Maria gratia plena, ||: Dominus tecum.: ||
 Benedicta tu in mulieribus et benedictus
 fructus ventris tui Jesus,
 Sancta Maria Mater Dei ora pro nobis,
 Peccatoribus, nunc et in hora, in hora mor-
 tis nostræ.
 Ora pro nobis, pro nobis peccatoribus,
 ||: Nunc et in hora, in hora mortis nostræ.
 Amen.: ||

MORNING HYMN to the BLESSED VIRGIN.

Air 68.

1 THE Star of the ocean is risen,
 And sweetly reflects on the tide;
 Yon bark with a swift gale is driven,
 And soon it shall reach the green side,
 To which the bright star seem to guide it,
 As into a haven of rest,
 Where the wind and the tempest that
 tried it,
 In the bright glow of sunshine will cease.

CHO.—The Star of the ocean is risen,
 And sweetly reflects on the tide;
 Yon bark with a swift sail is driven,
 And soon it shall reach the green side.

- 2 Ah! what is this Planet so beaming,
 That near it the rest die away;
 With heavenly lustre is streaming,
 And changes our night into day.
 This beautiful Planet is Mary,
 Who shines o'er her mariners here;
 Her light is their sure guide to glory,
 Dispelling the dark clouds of fear.
 The Star, &c.
- 3 Oh! Star of the sea, do illumine
 My course with this brilliant ray;
 In thy flame past errors consuming,
 Ah, teach me from thee ne'er to stray.
 Thus, thus shall I reach to the haven,
 Where thy bark just lowered her sail;
 There enter the portals of heaven,
 Where the Star of the Ocean I'll hail.
 The Star, &c.
-

AVE MARIS STELLA.

Airs 69, 70.

- 1 AVE Maris Stella
 Dei Mater Alma
 Atque semper Virgo
 Felix Cœli porta.
- 2 Sumens illud Ave
 Gabrielis ore,
 Funda nos in pace
 Mutans Evæ nomen.
- 3 Solve vincla reis
 Profer lumen cæcis
 Mala nostra pelle
 Bona cuncta posce.

4 Monstra te esse matrem
 Sumat per te preces
 Qui pro nobis natus
 Tulit esse tuus.

5 Virgo singularis,
 Inter omnes mitis
 Nos culpis solutos
 Mites fac et castos.

6 Vitam præsta puram,
 Iter para tutum,
 Ut videntes Jesum
 Semper collætémur.

7 Sit laus Deo Patri,
 Summo Christo decus,
 Spiritui Sancto,
 Tribus honor unus. Amen.

V. Dirigatur, Domine, oratio mea,
 R. Sicut incensum in conspectu tuo

MARY, STAR OF THE SEA.

Air 71.

1 WHEN evening shades are falling
 O'er ocean's sunny sleep,
 To pilgrim's heart recalling
 Their home beyond the deep;
 When rest o'er all descending,
 The shores with gladness smile,
 And lutes, their echoes blending,
 Are heard from isle to isle;

CHO.—Then Mary, Mother Mary,
 Thou bright star of the sea,
 We'll pray to thee our Mother,
 We'll pray, we'll pray to thee.

2 The noonday tempest over,
 Now ocean toils no more,
 And wings of halcyons hover,
 Where all was strife before.
 Oh! thus may life, in closing,
 Its short tempestuous day,
 Beneath Heav'n's smile reposing,
 Shine all its storms away.
 Then Mary, &c.

GENTLE STAR OF OCEAN.

Airs 72, 41.

1 GENTLE Star of Ocean,
 Portal of the sky,
 Ever Virgin Mother
 Of the Lord most High!
 Oh! by Gabriel's Ave,
 Uttered long ago,
 ||:Eva's name reversing,
 'Stablish'd peace below.:||

2 Break the captive's fetters,
 Light on blindness pour;
 All our ills expelling,
 Ev'ry bliss implore.
 Show thyself a Mother,
 Offer Him our sighs,
 ||:Who for us Incarnate,
 Did not thee despise.:||

3 Virgin of all virgins,
 To thy shelter take us;
 Gentlest of the gentle,
 Chaste and gentle make us.
 Thro' the highest heavens,
 To th' Almighty Three,
 ||:Father, Son, and Spirit,
 One same glory be.:||

FADING, STILL FADING.

Air 73.

1 FADING, still fading, the last beam is shining:
 Ave Maria day is declining:
 Safety and innocence fly with the light,
 Temptation and danger walk forth in the night.
 From the fall of the shade till the matin
 shall shine:
 Shield us from danger and save us from crime.

CHO.—Ave Maria, Ave Maria,
 Ave Maria, audi nos.

2 Ave Maria! oh! hear when we call!
 Mother of Him who is Saviour of all;
 Feeble and falling we trust in thy might,
 In doubting and darkness, thy love be our light.
 Let us sleep on thy breast while the night
 taper burns,
 And wake in thy care when the morning
 returns.
 CHO.—Ave Maria, &c.

HAIL, HEAVENLY QUEEN.

Air 74.

1 HAIL, heavenly Queen! Hail, foamy ocean star!

O be our guide, diffuse thy beams afar;
Hail, Mother of God! above all virgins blest,
Hail happy gate of heav'n's eternal rest.

CHO.—Hail, foamy ocean star! Hail, heav'nly Queen!

||: O be our guide to endless joys unseen.:||

2 “Hail, full of grace,” with Gabriel we repeat;

Thee, Queen of heav'n, from him we learn to greet;

Then give us peace which heav'n alone can give,

And dead thro' Eve, thro' Mary let us live.

Hail, foamy, &c.

3 O break our chains, our captive souls release;

O give us light, and let our darkness cease;

Let ev'ry ill that preys upon our hearts,

Fly at thy voice which every good imparts.

Hail, foamy, &c.

4 Our lives unstain'd, in purity preserve;

Nor e'er permit our ways from truth to swerve,

That when our time has rolled its rapid round,

We may, with Christ, in heav'nly bliss be crown'd.

Hail, foamy, &c.

O BLEST FORE'ER THE MOTHER.

Airs 75, 60, 84.

- 1 O BLEST for e'er the Mother,
 And Virgin full of grace,
 Who bore our God, our brother,
 The Saviour of our race.

CHO. ||: Sweet Jesus, low before Thee,
 We bend in fear and love,
 O grant we may adore Thee
 In Thy bright realms above. :||

- 2 Pure as the light of heaven.
 In meekness nearest Thee,
 'Tis Thou hast Mary given,
 Our guide, our friend to be.

CHO. ||: Sweet Mother, tears are falling,
 From hearts that love thy Son;
 Then hear thy children calling
 On thee, and bless thy own. ||:

 AVE SANCTISSIMA.
Air 76.

- 1 AVE Sanctissima,
 We lift our souls to thee,
 Ora pro nobis!
 'Tis nightfall on the sea.
 Watch us while shadows lie,
 Far o'er the water spread,
 Hear the heart's lonely sigh,
 Thine too hath bled.
 Thou that hast looked on death,
 Aid us when death is nigh;
 Whisper of heav'n to faith,

Sweet mother, Sweet mother hear,
 Ora pro nobis,
 The wave must rock our sleep,
 Ora mater, Ora, star of the sea.

- 2 Ave Sanctisima,
 List to thy children's pray'r,
 Audi Maria!
 And take us to thy care.
 O thou whose virtues shine
 With brightest purity,
 Come and each thought refine,
 Till pure like thine.
 O save our souls from ill;
 Guard thou our lives from fear;
 Our hearts with pleasure fill,
 Sweet mother, Sweet mother hear,
 Ora pro nobis,
 The wave must rock our sleep,
 Ora mater, Ora, star of the sea.
-

AS THE DEWY SHADES OF EVEN.

Airs 77, 78.

- 1 As the dewy shades of even,
 Gather o'er the balmy air,
 Listen, gentle Queen of Heaven,
 Listen to my vesper prayer.
- CHO.--Holy Mother, near me hover,
 Free my thoughts from aught defiled,
 With thy wings of mercy cover,
 Safe from harm thy helpless child.
- 2 Thine own sinless heart was broken,
 Sorrow's sword had pierced its core;
 Holy Mother, by that token,
 Now thy pity I implore.

CHO.--Queen of Heaven, guard and guide me,
 Save my soul from dark despair,
 In thy tender bosom hide me,
 Take me, Mother, to thy care.

3 Mother of my Infant Saviour,
 Spouse of God, my plaint, O hear;
 Purest Virgin, Gracious Matron,
 O relieve me by thy prayer.

CHO.--From thy happy seat in Zion,
 Light me thro' this dark abode,
 Smile, oh! gently smile upon me,
 Tell my sorrows to my God.

The Purification. (Feb. 2nd.)

JOY, JOY, THE MOTHER COMES.

Air 79.

1 Joy! joy! the Mother comes,
 And in her arms she brings
 The Light of all the world,
 The Christ the King of kings;
 ||: And in her heart the while
 All silently she sings. : ||

2 Saint Joseph follows near,
 In rapture lost and love,
 While angels round about,
 In glowing circles move;
 ||: And o'er the mother broods
 The Everlasting dove. : ||

3 There in the temple court,
 Old Simeon's heart beats high,

And Anna feeds her soul
With food of prophecy;
||: But, see! the shadows pass,
The world's true Light draws nigh.: ||

4 O Infant God! O Christ!
O Light most beautiful!
Thou comest, Joy of joys!
All darkness to annul;
||: And brightest lights of earth,
Beside Thy Light are dull.: ||

The Annunciation. (March 25th.)

WHAT MORTAL TONGUE.

Airs 80, 83, 123.

- 1 WHAT mortal tongue can sing thy praise,
Dear Mother of the Lord!
To angels only it belongs
Thy glory to record.
Who born of man, can penetrate
Thy soul's majestic shrine?
Who can thy mighty gifts unfold,
Or rightly them divine?
- 2 Say, Virgin, what sweet force was that
Which from the Father's breast,
Drew forth His co-eternal Son,
To be thy bosom's guest?
'Twas not thy guileless faith alone
That lifted thee so high;
'Twas not thy pure seraphic love,
Or peerless chastity.

- 3 But oh, it was thy lowliness,
 Well pleasing to the Lord,
 That made thee worthy to become
 The Mother of the Word.
 Praise to the Father with the Son,
 And Holy Ghost, thro' Whom
 The Word eternal was conceived,
 Within the Virgin's womb.
-

The Visitation. (July 2nd.)

WHITHER THUS, IN HOLY RAPTURE.

Airs 81, 98, 143.

- 1 WHITHER thus, in holy rapture,
 Princely Maiden, art thou bent?
 Why so fleetly art thou speeding
 Up the mountain's rough ascent?
 Filled with the Eternal Godhead,
 Glowing with the Spirit's flame!
 Love it is that bears thee onward,
 And supports thy tender frame.
- 2 Lo! thine aged cousin claims thee,
 Claims thy sympathy and care;
 God her shame from her hath taken;
 He hath heard her fervent pray'r.
 Blessed mothers! jcyful meeting!
 Thou in her, the hand of God,
 She in thee, with lips inspired,
 Owns the mother of her Lord.
- 3 As the sun, his face concealing
 In a cloud, withdraws from sight,
 So in Mary then lay hidden
 He who is the world's true light.

Honor, glory, virtue, merit,
Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son!
With the Father, and the Spirit,
While eternal ages run.

The Assumption. (August 15th.)

HAIL, VIRGIN OF VIRGINS!

Airs 82, 86, 97.

- 1 HAIL, Virgin of virgins!
Thy praises we sing,
Thy throne is in Heaven,
Thy Son is its King;
The saints and the angels,
Thy glory proclaim;
All nations devoutly,
Bow down at thy name.
- 2 Let souls that are holy,
Still holier be,
To sing with the angels,
Sweet Mary of thee.
Let all who are sinners,
To virtue return;
That hearts without number,
With thy love may burn.
- 3 Thy name is our power,
Thy love is our light;
We praise thee at morning,
At noon and at night.
We thank thee, we bless thee,
When happy and free;
When tempted by Satan,
We call upon thee.

4 That good men with courage,
 May walk in His ways,
 And bad men conveterd,
 May join in His praise.
 Oh! be then, our Mother,
 And pray to the Lord,
 That all may acknowledge,
 And worship His word.

Nativity. (Sept. 8th.)

SWEET MORN!

Airs 83, 80.

- 1 SWEET Morn! Thou Parent of the Sun!
 And daughter of the same!
 What joy and gladness, thro' thy birth,
 This day to mortals came!
 Clothed in the sun I see thee stand,
 The moon beneath thy feet;
 The stars above thy sacred head,
 A radiant coronet.
- 2 Thrones and dominions gird thee round,
 The armies of the sky;
 Pure streams of glory from thee flow,
 All bathed in Deity;
 Terrific as the bannered line,
 Of battle's dread array;
 Before thee tremble Hell and Death,
 And own thy mighty sway.
- 3 O Mightiest pray for us, that He,
 Who came to thee of yore,
 May come to dwell within our hearts,
 And never quit us more.

Praise to the Father with the Son,
And Holy Ghost thro' whom
The Word Eternal was conceived,
Within the Virgin's womb.

OCTAVE OF THE NATIVITY.

Air 84.

- 1 It is the name of Mary,
Which we to-day proclaim,
Come all ye Mary's children,
To sing that lovely name.
Come sing that name, dear children,
It is your mother's own;
Unite your hearts and praises,
And waft them to her throne.
- 2 A name of pow'r and sweetness,
Her name to us so dear,
A name of awe and grandeur,
But grandeur free from fear.
Sweet name all strong yet tender,
That name we love so well,
The joy of earth and heaven,
The fear and dread of hell.
- 3 O name by which we triumph
O'er hell's embattled foes,
The victor's meed of glory,
And solace in his woes.
Earth has no name so gentle,
Nor heaven one so sweet,
A balm to wounded feelings,
Bright light to wayward feet.

- 4 The first word ever spoken
 By Jesus when a child,
 Was thy dear name, O Mother!
 He spoke it and he smiled.
 O may thy name, dear Mother,
 On life's last fearful day,
 Be my last fervent prayer,
 Be all my hope and stay.
-

The Immaculate Conception. (Dec. 8th.)

0 MAID CONCEIVED WITHOUT A STAIN.

Air 85.

- 1 O MAID conceiv'd without a stain,
 O Mother bright and fair,
 Come thou within our hearts to reign,
 And grace shall triumph there.
 Hail Mary ever undefiled,
 Hail, Queen of purity!
 O make thy children chaste and mild,
 And turn their hearts to thee.
- 2 Thou art far purer than the snow,
 Far brighter than the day;
 Thy beauty none on earth can know,
 No tongue of men can say.
 O Mother of all mothers best,
 Who soothest every grief,
 In thee the weary find their rest,
 And anguish'd hearts relief.
- 3 O then for us, thy children, plead,
 Thy pity we implore;
 That we from sin and sorrow freed,
 May love thee more and more.

Hail, Mary, ever undefiled,
Hail Queen of purity!
O make thy children chaste and mild,
And turn their hearts to thee.

The Immaculate Conception.

O PUREST OF CREATURES.

Air 86.

- 1 O PUREST of creatures! sweet Mother, sweet Maid!
The one spotless womb wherein Jesus was laid,
Dark night hath come down on us, Mother, and we
||: Look out for thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea. : ||
- 2 To sinners what comfort, to angels what mirth;
That God found one creature unfallen on earth,
One spot where His Spirit untroubled could be,
||: The depth of thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea. : ||
- 3 So worship we God in these rude latter days;
So worship we Jesus our Love when we praise
His wonderful grace in the gifts He gave thee,
||: The gift of clear shining, sweet Star of the Sea. : ||

- 4 Deep night hath come down on us, Mother!
 deep night,
 We need more than ever the guide of thy
 light;
 For the darker the night is, the brighter
 should be
 ||: Thy beautiful shining, sweet Star of the
 Sea.:||
-

The Immaculate Conception.

HAIL, QUEEN OF THE HEAVENS.

Air 87.

- 1 HAIL, Queen of the Heavens!
 Hail, Mistress of earth!
 Hail, Virgin most pure,
 Of immaculate birth!
 ||: Clear star of the morning,
 In beauty enshrined,
 O Lady make speed to the help of mankind.:||
- 2 Hail, Mother most pure!
 Hail, Virgin renown'd,
 Hail, Queen with the stars,
 As a diadem crown'd,
 ||: Above all the angels
 In glory untold,
 Standing next to the King in a vesture of
 gold.:||
- 3 O Mother of mercy!
 O star of the wave!
 O Hope of the guilty!
 O light of the grave!

||: Thro' thee may we come,
 To the Heaven of rest,
 And see Heaven's King in the courts of the
 Blest.: ||

4 These praises and prayers
 I lay at thy feet!
 O Virgin of virgins!
 O Mary most sweet!
 ||: Be thou my true guide
 Thro' this pilgrimage here,
 And stand by my side when death draweth
 near.: ||

LITANY.

Airs 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95.

KYRIE eleison.

Christe eleison.

Kyrie eleison.

Christe audi nos.

Christe exaudi nos.

Pater de cœlis Deus, miserere nobis.

Fili Redemptor mundi Deus, miserere nobis.

Spiritus Sancte Deus, miserere nobis.

Sancta Trinitas, unus Deus, miserere nobis.

Sancta Maria,
 Sancta Dei Genitrix,
 Sancta Virgo Virginum,

Mater Christi,
 Mater divinæ gratiæ,
 Mater purissima,

} Ora pro nobis.

Mater castissima,
 Mater inviolata,
 Mater intemerata,

 Mater amabilis,
 Mater admirabilis,
 Mater Creatoris,

 Mater Salvatoris,
 Virgo prudentissima,
 Virgo veneranda,

 Virgo prædicanda,
 Virgo potens,
 Virgo clemens,

 Virgo fidelis,
 Speculum justitiæ,
 Sedes sapientiæ,

 Causa nostræ lætitiæ,
 Vas spirituale,
 Vas honorabile,

 Vas insigne devotionis,
 Rosa mystica,
 Turris Davidica,

 Turris eburnea,
 Domus aurea,
 Fœderis arca,

 Janua cœli,
 Stella matutina,
 Salus infirmorum,

 Refugium peccatorum,
 Consolatrix afflictorum,
 Auxilium Christianorum,

 Regina Angelorum.
 Regina Patriarcharum,

Ora pro nobis.

Regina Prophetarum,

Regina Apostolorum,

Regina Martyrum,

Regina Confessorum,

Regina Virginum,

Regina Sanctorum omnium,

Regina sine labe concepta,

} Ora pro nobis.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, parce nobis Domine.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, exaudi nos Domine.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.

V. Ora pro nobis Sancta Dei Genitrix.

R. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.

HOLY PATRON! THEE SALUTING.

Air 96.

- 1 HOLY Patron! thee saluting,
Here we meet with hearts sincere;
Blest Saint Joseph, all uniting,
Call on thee to hear our pray'r.

CHO.—Happy Saint, in bliss adoring,
Jesus, Saviour of mankind;
||: Hear thy children thee imploring,
May we thy protection find.: ||

- 2 Worldly dangers for them fearing,
Youthful hearts to thee we bring,
Grant, in virtue persevering,
Vice may ne'er their bosom sting.
Happy Saint, &c.

3 Thou who faithfully attended,
 Him whom heav'n and earth adore;
 Who with pious care defended
 Mary, Virgin ever pure.
 Happy Saint, &c.

4 May our fervent pray'rs ascending,
 Move thee for our souls to plead,
 And thy smile of peace descending
 Benedictions on us shed.
 Happy Saint, &c.

THE PATRONAGE OF ST. JOSEPH.

Airs 97, 82, 86.

- 1 DEAR Guardian of Mary! dear nurse of her
 child!
 Life's ways are full weary, the desert is wild;
 Bleak sands are all round us, no home can
 we see;
 Sweet Spouse of our Lady! we lean upon
 thee.
- 2 For thou to the pilgrim art father and guide,
 And Jesus and Mary felt safe at thy side;
 Ah! blessed Saint Joseph, how safe should
 I be,
 Sweet Spouse of our Lady! if thou wert
 with me.
- 3 O blessed Saint Joseph! how great was thy
 worth;
 The one chosen shadow of God upon earth;
 The father of Jesus—ah! then wilt thou be,
 Sweet Spouse of our Lady! a father to me.

- 4 When the treasures of God were unsheltered
on earth,
Safe keeping was found for them both in
thy worth;
O father of Jesus! be father to me,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! and I will love
thee.
- 5 God chose thee for Jesus and Mary, wilt
thou
Forgive a poor exile for choosing thee now?
There's no saint in Heaven, Saint Joseph,
like thee,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! Oh, deign to
love me.
-

WITH GRATEFUL HEARTS.

Air 98.

- 1 WITH grateful hearts we breathe to-day,
The tender accents of our love,
We carol forth a little lay
To thee, great Saint in heaven above.
- CHO.—O Joseph dear, from thy bright throne,
Incline thine ear unto our prayer,
And o'er us all as o'er thine own,
Extend thy fond paternal care,
And o'er us all as o'er thine own,
Extend thy fond paternal care,
Extend thy fond paternal care.
- 2 More favored than earth's greatest king,
Thou wert the guardian of that child,
Around whose crib full choirs did sing,
With cadenced voices soft and mild.
O Joseph dear, &c.

- 3 All heaven's host on that great night,
 Looked on the Child, the spouse and thee,
 And ravished with so fair a sight,
 Struck loud their harps with jubilee.
 O Joseph dear, &c.
- 4 They sang the praises of thy Son,
 In strains of sweetest melody,
 And lowly bowed with awe anon,
 Before thy Virgin Spouse and thee.
 O Joseph dear, &c.
-

SALVE JOSEPH.

Air 99.

- 1 SALVE, Joseph, custos pie,
 Sponse Virginis Mariæ,
 Educator optime,
 Educator optime.
- 2 Tua prece salus data,
 Sit, et culpa condonata,
 Peccatricis animæ,
 Peccatricis animæ.
- 3 Perte cuncti liberemur,
 Omni pæna quam meremur,
 Nostris pro criminibus,
 Nostris pro criminibus.
- 4 Per te nobis impertita,
 Omnis gratia expetita,
 Sit et salus animæ,
 Sit et salus animæ.

5 Sint et omnes tribulati,
Te precante, liberati,
Cunctis ab angustiis,
Cunctis ab angustiis.

6 Joseph, fili David Regis,
Recordare Christi gregis,
In die judicii,
In die judicii.

7 Salvatorem deprecare,
Ut nos velit liberare,
Nostræ mortis tempore,
Nostræ mortis tempore.

QUICUMQUE.

Air 100.

CHO.—QUICUMQUE sanus vivere,
Cursumque vitæ claudere
In fine lætus expetit,
Opem Josephi postulet.

SOLO.

2 Hic Sponsus almæ Virginis,
Paterque Jesu creditus,
Justus, fidelis, integer,
Quod poscit orans impetrat.
Quicumque, &c.

3 Fœno jacentem Parvulum,
Adorat et post exulem
Solatur; inde perditum,
Quærit dolens et invenit.
Quicumque, &c.

- 4 Mundi supremus artifex
Ejus labore pascitur;
Summi parentis Filius
Obedit illi subditus.
Quicumque, &c.
- 5 Adesse morti proximus
Cum Matre Jesum conspicit,
Et inter ipsos jubilans,
Dulci sopore solvitur.
Quicumque, &c.
-

ST. JOSEPH.

Air 79.

- 1 HAIL! holy, Joseph, hail!
True spouse of Mary, hail!
Chaste as the lily flower
In Eden's peaceful vale.

CHO.—Mother of my Jesus! bless,
And bless, ye saints on high,
Those in sorrow and distress,
That to Saint Joseph cry.

- 2 Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
Father of Christ esteemed!
Father be thou to those
Thy Foster-Son redeem'd.
Mother, &c.

- 3 Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
Prince of the House of God,
May his best graces be
By thy sweet hands bestow'd,
Mother, &c.

4 Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
Comrade of angels, hail!
Cheer thou the hearts that faint,
And guide the steps that fail.
Mother, &c.

5 Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
God's choice wert thou alone;
To thee the Word made flesh,
Was subject as a Son.
Mother, &c.

6 Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
Teach us our flesh to tame,
And, Mary, keep the hearts
That love thy spouse's name.
Mother, &c.

7 Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
God's choice wert thou alone;]
To thee the Word made flesh,
Was subject as a Son.
Mother, &c.

8 Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
Teach us our flesh to tame,
And, Mary, keep the hearts
That love thy spouse's name.
Mother, &c.

TRIUMPHANT SAINT.

Air 92.

1 TRIUMPHANT saint! whose hallow'd name,
We on this festive day implore,
Our hearts with seraph love inflame,
And be our guide for ever more.

Oh! whilst we wander thro' the gloom,
 That shrouds in woe this vale of grief,
 With heav'nly light our paths illumine,
 And to thy children bring relief.

2 Whilst all the Lamb's unspotted choirs,
 Lift their triumphant palms on high,
 And angels wake their golden lyres,
 To sound His praises thro' the sky;
 We catch on earth the sacred theme,
 And in thy Saviour's praise unite,
 Around whose brows effulgent stream
 Eternal rays of heavenly light.

3 Oh! when exulting from the tomb,
 The spirit wings her gladsome way,
 To realms where sacred beams illumine
 The mansions of eternal day;
 Then shall my soul enraptured praise,
 Her patron mid the choirs of heaven,
 And joyful wake the sweetest lays,
 That to an angel's harp are given.

HIBERNIA'S CHAMPION SAINT.

Air 101.

1 HIBERNIA'S Champion Saint, all hail!
 With fadeless glory crown'd;
 The offspring of your ardent zeal,
 This day your praise shall sound.

CHO.—Great and glorious St. Patrick,
 Pray for that dear country;
 Great and glorious St. Patrick,
 Hearken to the pray'r of thy children.

- 2 Borne on the wings of charity,
 To Erin's coast you flew,
 Bade Satan from her valleys flee,
 And his dark shrines o'erthrew.
 Great and glorious, &c.
- 3 Wand'ring thro' error's gloomy night,
 Our sires did lose their way;
 You cheer'd their hearts with heavenly
 light,
 With truth's consoling ray.
 Great and glorious, &c.
- 4 O what a harvest crown'd thy toil,
 The earth, long curs'd, was bless'd:
 Each lovely virtue graced its soil,
 The sinner's heart found rest.
 Great and glorious, &c.
- 5 From faith's bright camp the demon fled,
 The path to heav'n was clear'd,
 Religion rais'd her beauteous head,
 An isle of saints appear'd.
 Great and glorious, &c.
- 6 To God who sent thee to our isle,
 Be endless glory giv'n!
 Oh! may He ever on it smile,
 And lead its sons to heav'n.
 Great and glorious, &c.
-

GRATEFUL NOTES TO HEAVEN.

Airs 102, 55, 56.

- 1 GRATEFUL notes to heav'n ascending,
 To the world new joys proclaim,
 Faith and love together blending,
 We revere our Patrick's name.

CHO.—Happy Saint in bliss adoring
Jesus, Saviour of mankind,
Hear thy children thee imploring,
||: May we thy protection find.: ||

2 Pagan priests their dark delusions,
Long had o'er Hibernia spread,
Patrick came, and in confusion
Demons from his presence fled.
Happy Saint! &c.

3 Lo! their infant arms extending,
Erin's children crave his aid,
To their wants the Saint attending,
Soon their heav'nly call obey'd.
Happy Saint! &c.

4 Prisons, insults, ev'ry danger,
On our prelate's mission wait,
Patrick still, to fear a stranger,
Trusts to bounteous heav'n his fate.
Happy Saint! &c.

5 Sickness flies, his voice obeying,
Sightless eyes behold the day,
And the pow'r of God displaying,
Death unwilling yields his prey.
Happy Saint! &c.

6 Mortals, with amazement seeing
Senseless idols prostrate fall,
Own the author of their being,
And proclaim Him Lord of all.
Happy Saint! &c.

ON WINGS OF HOLY CHARITY.

Air 100.

- 1 On wings of holy charity
To Erin's coast Saint Patrick came,
To curb the devil's tyranny,
And spread the love of Jesus' name.

CHO.—The Faith is firm in Erin's land,
And Patrick dear to Irish hearts;
Though heresy has raised its brand;
And struck her sons with Satan's darts.

- 2 Through ages long of gloomy night
Our Fathers in fell bondage lay,
When Patrick brought the gospel's light,
To guide in truth our heav'nward way.
The Faith, &c.

- 3 Then, by celestial doctrine taught,
To Faith and Hope was Erin turned;
The flame of Love her children caught,
And Peter's chair their Faith confirm'd.
The Faith, &c.

- 4 A land of Saints was Erin soon,
And Eden's peace was then renewed,
The toad and viper knew their doom,
And fled, where Patrick's steps pursued.
The Faith, &c.

- 5 Still Patrick pray that sin may fly
From every Irish heart and home,
And those who love to own thee nigh
In lawless ways may never roam.
The Faith! &c.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.

Air 103.

- 1 FAITH of our Fathers! living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,
Oh! Ireland's hearts beat high with joy,
Whene'er they hear that glorious word.

CHO.—Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We'll be true to thee till death!
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We'll be true to thee till death!

- 2 Our Fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them could die for thee.
Faith of our, &c.

- 3 Faith of our Fathers! Mary's prayers
Shall keep our country fast to thee;
And thro' the truth that comes from God,
O we shall prosper and be free.
Faith of our, &c.

- 4 Faith of our Fathers! distant shores
Their happy faith to Ireland owe;
Then in our home, O shall we not
Break the dark plots against thee now?
Faith of our, &c.

- 5 Faith of our Fathers! days of old
Within our hearts speak gallantly;
For ages thou hast stood by us,
Dear Faith, and now we'll stand by thee.
Faith of our, &c.

June 21st.

THE YOUTH WHO WEALTH.

Air 104.

- 1 THE youth who wealth and courts despised,
 His spotless mind above to raise;
 Who ev'ry rising thought chastised,
 'Tis Aloysius claims our lays.

CHO.—Amiable and angelic youth,
 Aloysius pray for us.
 Amiable and angelic youth, pray for us,
 Aloysius pray for us.

- 2 Born by the sacred Virgin's aid,
 Soon as his eyes the light could view,
 His soul the heir of heav'n was made,
 By the renovating dew.
 Amiable, &c.

- 3 His infant words the first he frames,
 He utters with a trembling voice,
 Jesus and Mary, hallowed names,
 Dwell on his lips and speak his choice.
 Amiable, &c.

- 4 The tenor of his life so bright,
 So pure of angel purity,
 A seraph from the realms of light,
 Dwelling on earth he seems to be.
 Amiable, &c.
-

SS. Peter and Paul. (June 29th.)

IT IS NO EARTHLY SUMMER'S RAY.

Airs 2, 118.

- 1 It is no earthly summer's ray
 That sheds this golden brightness round,

Crowning with heavenly light the day
The Princes of the Church were crown'd.

2 The blessed Seer, to whom were given
The hearts of men to teach and school;
And he that keeps the keys of Heaven
For those on earth that own his rule.

3 Fathers of mighty Rome whose word
Shall pass the doom of life or death;
By humble cross and bleeding sword
Well have they won their laurel wreath.

4 O happy Rome, made holy now
By these two martyrs' glorious blood;
Earth's best and fairest cities bow,
By thy superior claims subdued.

5 For thou alone art worth them all,
City of martyrs; thou alone
Canst cheer our pilgrim hearts, and call
The Saviour's sheep to Peter's throne.

6 All honor, power, and praise be given
To Him who reigns in bliss on high,
For never-ending years in heaven,
One only God in Trinity.

July 31st.

HYMN TO ST. IGNATIUS.

Air 79.

1 YE angels now be glad,
And thou exult, O earth!
Lcyola's happy shade,
Rejoice at thy Saint's birth.

CHO.—Loyola's son all hail,
 By angels crown'd above,
 Ignatius, father dear,
 Accept thy children's love.

2 On Pampeluna's walls
 'The leader of the band.
 Behold our youthful Saint
 Defend his native land.
 Loyola's son, &c.

3 Stretched on a bed of pain,
 Christ's holy life he reads.
 While for his misspent youth
 His heart now sorely bleeds.
 Loyola's son, &c.

4 Begone, O sinful world,
 "I'll never serve thee more."
 He cries "I'll bear the cross,
 Which Jesus for me bore."
 Loyola's son, &c.

5 He kneels at Mary's shrine,
 And humbly hangs his sword,
 Resolved to seek through life
 The glory of the Lord.
 Loyola's son, &c.

(November 13th.)

O YE ANGELIC BANDS ATTEND.

Air 105.

1 O YE angelic bands, attend!
 From heaven's high exalted spires,
 ||: With mortal accents deign to blend,
 The voice of your harmonious choirs.: ||

2 In early life's most tender state,
 O Thy designs how great, O God!
 ||; Young Stanislaus could emulate,
 The virtuous path that saints have
 trod.: ||

3 Thy tenderness, O Virgin bright,
 Places within his youthful arms
 |: The object of his soul's delight,
 An infant Saviour's lovely charms.: ||

4 In joyful strains come sound his praise,
 With anthems fill the vaulted sky,
 |: Ye angels wake your choicest lays,
 And greet the saint now flown on
 high.: ||

(*St. Agnes. Jan 21st.*)

OH HOLY MARTYR, SPOTLESS DOVE.

Air 106.

1 OH holy martyr—spotless dove,
 With joy we celebrate the day;
 Thou dwellest now in bliss above,
 Where tyrants o'er thee have no sway.

CHO.—Sweet Agnes let thy pleading voice,
 For us at mercy's throne be heard,
 Sweet Agnes let thy pleading voice,
 At mercy's throne be heard.

2 Thy cruel sufferings all are past,
 A crown of glory decks thy brow;
 Celestial light is round thee cast,
 And God is thine forever now.
 Sweet Agnes, &c.

3 Oh pray that we may ever seek,
 To be as free as thou from stain,
 As constant, fervent, pure, and meek,
 Regardless of earth's fleeting pain.
 Sweet Agnes, &c.

4 And, holy saint, be this thy pray'r,
 That, prizing not the world's renown,
 'Thro' trials it may be our care,
 To strive but for a heav'nly crown.
 Sweet Agnes, &c.

St. Rose of Lima. (Aug. 30th.)

FIRST FLOW'RET OF THE DESERT WILD.

Air 107.

1 FIRST flow'ret of the desert wild!
 Whose leaves the sweets of grace exhale,
 We greet thee, Lima's sainted child—
 Rose of America, all hail, all hail.

CHO.—We greet thee, Lima's sainted child,
 Rose of America, all hail, all hail,
 Rose of America, all hail.

2 When first appear'd the infant smile,
 Beaming upon thy features meek,
 It seem'd as if there blush'd the while,
 The rosebud on thy virgin cheek.
 We greet thee, &c.

3 And hence thy name, St. Rose was giv'n,
 Not by thy earthly parent's choice,
 But by the holy queen of heav'n,
 Who bade thee in that name rejoice.
 We greet thee, &c.

- 4 Transplanted from the worldly gaze,
Which sometimes taints the fairest
flow'rs,
In solitude thou lov'd'st to praise,
The spouse amid religious bow'rs.
We greet thee, &c.
- 5 And once amid thy rapturous pray'r,
Thy heav'nly spouse himself came down,
Most sweetly breathing in thine ear,
"Rose of my heart, receive thy crown."
We greet thee, &c.
- 6 And whilst amid his glories now,
Thou seest him face to face—oh deign,
St. Rose, to hear thy suppliants' vow,
That grace and glory we may gain.
We greet thee, &c.
-

St. Cecilia. (Nov. 22nd.)

LET THE DEEP ORGAN SWELL THE LAY.

Air 108.

- 1 LET the deep organ swell the lay,
In honor of this festive day;
Let the harmonious choirs proclaim
Cecilia's ever blessed name.

CHO.—Let the harmonious choirs proclaim
Cecilia's ever blessed name.
Let the harmonious choirs proclaim
Cecilia's ever blessed name.

- 2 Cecilia, with a two-fold crown
Adorn'd in heav'n, we pray look down,
Upon thy fervent votaries here,
And hearken to their fervent prayer.
Let the harmonious, &c.
- 3 Rome gave the virgin martyr birth,
Whose holy name has filled the earth;
And from the early dawn of youth,
She fixed her heart on God and truth.
Let the harmonious, &c.
- 4 Then from the world's bewild'ring strife,
In peace she spent her holy life,
Teaching the organ to combine
With voice to praise the Lamb divine.
Let the harmonious, &c.
-

CHILD'S HYMN to the GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Air 109, 11.

- 1 How kind it is of you to come,
Bright angel, from your starry home,
And watch by night, and watch by day,
||: Beside a sinful child of clay.: ||
- 2 How good and pure I ought to be,
Who always live so near to thee;
Beneath thine eyes the whole day 'round,
||: Where'er I tread is holy ground.: ||
- 3 And if I had my wish, I would,
Dear angel mine! be always good;
This minute I would rather die,
||: Than say bad words, or tell a lie.: ||

4 I always feel disposed this way,
 Whene'er I kneel me down to pray;
 But I forget when church is o'er,
 ||: And am as naughty as before. :||

5 O blessed guardian, kind and mild,
 Have pity on a poor weak child,
 And pray that God will make me strong,
 ||: To do the right and shun the wrong. :||

6 Thy broad white wing shall be my shield,
 While battling on life's dusty field;
 Thine arms enfold me when I die,
 ||: And waft me homeward to the sky.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL'S LAMENT.

Air 110.

- 1 THOU hast sorrowed the spirit that loved thee,
 And watch'd o'er thy footsteps for years;
 Thou hast made me at last sigh o'er thee,
 In secret, in silence and tears.
 For my Father in Heaven I loved thee,
 For his sake I have guarded thy ways,
 Return, Oh! return, I implore thee,
 Him to love, to serve, and to praise.
- 2 O'er thy pathway thro' life still I hover,
 Thee to comfort, to solace, to cheer,
 With the love of a fond saving brother
 Thro' this desert of trial and fear.
 Oh! when shall I clasp thee—how fondly,
 And bear thee all dangers now past,
 To the arms of the God who died for thee,
 To our home in the heavens at last.

TO OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Airs 111, 116.

- 1 O God how ought my grateful heart
To praise thy bounteous hand,
Who send'st thy angel from above,
||: To be my guide and friend. :||
 - 2 My soul is surely something great,
Meant for eternity,
That angels thus should be employed
||: In watching over me. :||
 - 3 When I, within my mother's arms,
Enjoyed her fond embrace,
He, hovering round on airy wings,
||: Divinely did me bless. :||
 - 4 When first I from my mother learned
My Jesus' name to praise,
He softly whispered to my heart,
||: "How sweet are all his ways." :||
 - 5 Celestial guardian, thus with thee,
And by thy constant care,
May I the world's corruption flee,
||: And heavenly blessings share. :||
-

DEAR ANGEL, EVER AT MY SIDE.

Airs 111, 116.

- 1 DEAR angel, ever at my side,
How lovely must thou be,
To leave thy home in Heaven, to guide
||: A little child like me. :||

- 2 Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, tho' so near;
The sweetness of thy soft low voice,
||: I am too deaf to hear.: ||
- 3 I cannot feel thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did,
||: When I was but a child.: ||
- 4 But I have felt thee in my thoughts,
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
||: The sweetness is from thee.: ||
- 5 And when, dear spirit, I kneel down,
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart,
||: Which tells me thou art there.: ||
- 6 Yes! when I pray, thou prayest too;
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
||: But watchest patiently.: ||
- 7 Then love me, love me, Angel dear!
And I will love thee more;
And help me when my soul is cast
||: Upon th' eternal shore.: ||

MIRABILIS DEUS.

Air 112.

Mirabilis, Mirabilis Deus, Mirabilis,
Mirabilis Deus in sanctis suis,
Lætamini in Domino et exultati justi,
Lætamini in Domino et exultati justi.

Et gloriamini, Et gloriamini, Et gloriamini,
 Et gloriamini, Omnes recti corde,
 Omnes recti, omnes recti corde.
 ||: Et gloriamini, Et gloriamini,
 Omnes recti corde, recti corde.: ||

O JESUS! LET THY ANGER CEASE.

Air 113.

- 1 O JESUS! let thy anger cease;
 Thy Virgin Mother for our peace,
 ||: At thy tribunal pleading stands,
 And mercy earnestly demands.: ||
 - 2 And ye, O Angels, who in nine
 Distinguished glorious orders shine,
 ||: Preserve our minds, our hearts and
 wills,
 From present, past and future ills.: ||
 - 3 Ye Prophets and Apostles, plead
 Before our Judge, and intercede
 ||: For sinners, that by tears unfeigned,
 His pard'ning grace may be obtained.: ||
-

PRAY FOR THE DEAD.

Air 114

CHO.—PRAY for the dead! at noon and eve,
 Lift up to God thy fond request,
 Implore his goodness to relieve
 The suff'ring souls, and grant them
 rest.

- 1 Pray for the dead! though faithful they,
Yet while the penalties remain,
Must suffering purge the debt away,
And penance cleanse the sinful stain.
Pray for the dead! &c.
 - 2 Pray for the dead! thy pray'rs tho' weak,
May yet be heard and bring them ease;
For God will hear thy sighs, if meek—
Thy tears, if offered up for peace.
Pray for the dead! &c.
 - 3 Pray for the dead! in holy fear,
Pray that their stains may be forgiven,
That thou thyself may leave the bier,
To enter pure at once in heav'n.
Pray for the dead! &c.
-

O TURN TO JESUS, MOTHER, TURN.

Air 115.

- 1 O TURN to Jesus, Mother, turn,
And call Him by His tend'rest names;
Pray for the holy souls that burn,
This hour amid the cleansing flames.
- 2 Ah! they have fought a gallant fight;
In death's cold arms they persevered;
And after life's uncheery night,
The harbor of their rest is neared.
- 3 They are the children of thy tears;
Then hasten, Mother! to their aid;
In pity think each hour appears
An age, while glory is delayed.

VESPERS.

(FOR SUNDAYS.)

DOMINE, ad adjuvendum me festina.

Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto:

Sicut erat in principio at nunc et semper, et
in sæcula sæculorum. Amen. Alleluia.

From Septuagesima Sunday till Holy Thursday.

Laus tibi Domine, Rex æternæ gloriæ.

1. DIXIT DOMINUS. Psalm cix.

- 1 DIXIT Dominus Domino *meo*: Sede a *dextris* meis.
- 2 Donec ponam ini-mí-cos *tu-os* * scabéllum *pe-dum tu-ó-rum*.
- 3 Virgam virtútis tuæ √ emittet Dóminus ex *Sí-ón* : * domináre in médio inimi-có-rum *tu-ó-rum*.
- 4 Tecum principium in die virtútis tuæ √ in splendóri-bus sanc-tó-rum : * ex útero ante lu-ci-ferum *gé-nui-te*.
- 5 Jurávit Dóminus, et non pœni-té-bit *e-um* : * Tu es Sacérdos in ætérnum √ secúndum or-di-nem *Mel-chí-sedech*.
- 6 Dóminus a dex-tris *tu-is*, * confrégit in die *i-ræ su-a re-ges*.
- 7 Judicábit in natió nibus, √ im-plé-bit *ru-i-nas* ; * conquassábit cápita in *ter-ra mul-tó-rum*.
- 8 De torrén-te in va-a *bi-bet* ; * proptérea exal-tá-bil *ca-pul*.

- 9 Glória Pa-tri et *Filio* * et Spi-ri-tui *Sancto*.
 10 Sicut erat in princípio √ et nunc et sem-
per * et in sæ-cula sæ-cu-ló-rum. Amen.
-

2. CONFITEBOR. Psalm cx.

- 1 Confitebor tibi, Domine, in toto *cor-de*
meo; * in consilio justorum, et congre-
ga-ti-o-ne.
 2 Magna ó-pera Dómini, * exquisita in omnes
 vo-lun-tá-tes e-jus.
 3 Conféssio et magnificéntia *opus e-jus*, * et
 justitia ejus manet in sæ-culum sæ-culi.
 3 Memóriam fecit mirabílium suórum √ mis-
 éricors et mise-rá-tor Dó-minus: * escam
 de-dit ti *mén-ti-bus se*.
 5 Momor erit in sæ-culum testa-mén-ti *sui*; *
 virtútem ó-perum suórum √ annuntiá-bit
 pó-pulo *su-o*:
 6 Ut det illis hæredi-tá-tem *gén-tium*: * ópera
 mánuum ejus véri-tas et ju-di-cium.
 7 Fidélia ómnia mandàta ejus √ confirmáta
 in sæ-culum sæ-culi, * facta in veritáte et
 æ-qui-tate.
 8 Redemptiónem misit pó-pulo *su-o*; * man-
 dávit in ætérnum √ tes-ta-mèn-tum
su-um.
 9 Sanctum et terribile *no-men e-jus*: * inítium
 sapiénti-æ ti-mor *Domini*.
 10 Intelléctus bonus ómnibus faci-én-tibus
e-um: * laudátio ejus manet in sæ-culum
 sæ-culi.

- 11 Gloria Patri et Filio * et Spiritu-i Sancto.
- 12 Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper *
et in sæcula sæcu-lo-rum. Amen.

3. BEATUS VIR. Psalm cxi.

- 1 BEATUS vir, qui timet Dominum; in mandatis ejus vo-let ni-mis.
- 2 Potens in terra erit se-men e-jus; * generatio rectórum be-ne-di-cé-tur.
- 3 Glória et divitiæ in domo e-jus; * et justitia ejus manet in sæ-culum sæ-culi.
- 4 Exórtum est in ténebris lu-men rec-tis: * miséricors, et mise-rá-tor, et jus-tus.
- 5 Jucúndus homo, qui miserétur et cómmodat; √ dispónes sermónes suos in ju-dí-cio; * quia in ætérnum non comó-vé-bitur.
- 6 In memória ætéRNA e-rit jus-tus; * ab auditióne ma-la non ti-mé-bit.
- 7 Parátum cor ejus speráre in Domino; √ confirmátum est cor e-jus; * non com-movébitur, √ donec despíciat i-ni-mí-cos suos.
- 8 Dispérsit, dedit paupéribus; √ justitia ejus manet in sæ-culum sæ-culi; * cornu ejus exal-tá-bi-tur in glória.
- 9 Peccátor vidébit, et irascé-tur, √ déntibus suis fremet, et la-bés-cet; * desidérium pecca-to-rum pe-rí-bit.
- 10 Gloria Patri et Filio * et Spiritu-i Sancto.
- 11 Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper √
et in sæcula sæcu-lo-rum. Amen.

LAUDATE PUERI. Psalm cxii.

- 1 Laudate, pueri *Dominum* : Laudate *nomen-Dómini*.
 - 2 Sit *nomen Dómini be-ne-dic-tum*, * *ex hoc nunc, et us-que in sæ-cu-lum*.
 - 3 A solis ortu usque ad oc-cá-sum, * *laudábile no-men Dó-mini*.
 - 4 Excélsus super omnes gen-tes *Dó-minus*, * *et super cœ-los glória e-jus*.
 - 5 Quis sicut Dóminus Deus noster, ¶ qui in al-tis *há-bitat*, * *et humília réspicit in cœ-lo et in terra ?*
 - 6 Súscitans a ter-ra *í-nopem*, * *et de stércore é-rigens páu-perem*.
 - 7 Ut cóllocet eum cum prin-cí-pibus, * *cum princípibus pó-puli su-i*.
 - 8 Qui habitáre facit stéri-lem in *do-mo* ; * *matrem fili-o-rum læ-tántem*.
 - 9 Gloria Patri, et *Fi-li-o*, * *et Spiri-tui Sancto*.
 - 10 Sicut erat in principio et nunc et *semper*,* *et in sæcula sæcu-lorum. Amen.*
-

5. IN EXITU ISRAEL. Psalm cxiii.

- 1 In exitu Israel *de Egypto* ; *domus Jacob de popu-lo bar-ba-ro*.
- 2 Facta est *Jdæa sanctifi-cá-tio e-jus*, * *Israel po-tés-tas e-jus*.
- 3 Mare vi-dit, *et fu-git* : * *Jordánis convérsus est retrór-sum*.
- 4 Montes exultavérunt *ut a-rí-etes*, * *et colles si-cut a-gni ó-vium*.

- 5 Quid est tibi, mare, *quod fu-gís-ti?* * et tu Jordánis, quia conver-sus es *re-trór-sum*.
- 6 Montes, exultástis si-cut *a-rí-etes?* * et colles, si-cut *a-gni óvium?*
- 7 A fácie Dómini *mo-ta est terra,* * a fácie Dei Jacob.
- 8 Qui convértit petram in sta-gna *a-quá-rum,* * et rupem in fon-tes *a-quá-rum*.
- 9 Non nobis, Dómi-ne *non nobis,* * sed nómini *tu-o da gló-riam*.
- 10 Super misericórdia tua et veri-tá-te *tu-a;* * nequándo di-cant gentes: ¶ Ubi est De-us *e-ó rum?*
- 11 Deus autem nos-ter *in cœ-lo;* * ómnia quæ-cúmque *vólu-it, fe-cit.*
- 12 Simulácra géntium ergén-tum et au-rum, * ópera má-nu-um hó-minum.
- 13 Os habent, et *non lo-quén-tur:* * óculos habent, et *non vi-dé-bunt.*
- 14 Aures habent, et *non aú-dient;* * nares habent, et *non o-do-rá-bunt.*
- 15 Manus habent, et non palpá-bunt; ¶ pedes habent, et non *ámbu-lá-bunt;* * non clamábunt in gút-tu-re suo.
- 16 Símiles illis fiant qui *fá-ciunt e-a,* * et omnes qui con-fi-dunt *in e-is.*
- 17 Domus Israel sperá-rit in Dó-mino; * adjútor eórum et protéc-tor *e-ó-rum est.*
- 18 Domus Aáron sperá-rit in Do-mino; * adjútor eórum et protec-tor *e-ó-rum est.*
- 19 Qui timent Dóminum, spera-ve-runt in Dó-mino; * adjútor eórum et protéc-tor *e-ó-rum est.*

- 20 Dóminus memor *fu-it nos-tri*, * et bene-di-xit *no-bis*.
- 21 Benedixit *do-mui Is-ra-él*, * benedixit *do-mui A-á-ron*.
- 22 Benedixit ómnibus qui *ti-ment Dó-mi-num*,* pusíllis *cum ma-jō-ri-bus*.
- 23 Adjíciat Dómi-nus *su-per vós*, * super vos, et super *fi-li-os ves-tros*.
- 24 Benedícti vos a Dómino, * qui fecit *cœ-lum et ter-ram*.
- 25 Cœlum *cœli Dó-mino*, * terram autem dedit *filii-is hó-minum*.
- 26 Non mórtui laudá-bunt te, Dómine, * neque omnes qui descén-dunt in *in-fér-num*.
- 27 Sed nos qui vivimus, bene-dicimus Dó-mi-no,* ex hoc nunc, et usque in *sœ-culum*.
- 28 Gloria Patri et Filio, * et Spiri-tui Sancto.
- 29 Sicut erat in principio et *nunc et semper*,* et in *sæcula sæcu-lo-rum*. Amen.
-

6. LAUDATE DOMINUM. Psalm cxvi.

- 1 Laudate Dominum, *omnes gentes*: Laudate eum, *omnes po-pu-li*.
- 2 Quoniam confirmata est super nos *miseri-cor-dia ejus*: et veritas Domini manet in *cœ-ter-num*.
- 3 Gloria Patri et Filio, * et Spiri-tui Sancto.
- 4 Sicut erat in principio, et *nunc et semper*,* et in *sæcula sæcu-lo-rum*. Amen.

MAGNIFICAT.

- 1 Mag-ni-fi-cat anima me-a *Dŏ-mi-num.*
- 2 Et exultavit spiritus *meus*; in Deo salu-tari *meo.*
- 3 Quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ *suæ*; ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent *omnes gene-rationes.*
- 4 Quia fecit mihi magna qui po-tens est; et sanctum *nomen ejus.*
- 5 Et misericordia ejus a progenie in pro-genies; timen-tibus eum.
- 6 Fecit potentiam in brachio *suo*; dispersit suberbos mente *cordis sui.*
- 7 Deposuit potentes de *sede*; et exal-tavit *humiles.*
- 8 Esurientes implevit *bonis*; et divites dimi-sit *inanes.*
- 9 Suscepit Israël puerum *suum*; recordatus *miseri-cordiæ suæ.*
- 10 Sicut locutus est ad patres *nostros*; Abra-ham et semini *ejus in sæcula.*
- 11 Gloria Patri et *Filio*; et Spiri-tui *Sancto.*
- 11 Sicut erat in principio et nunc et *semper*; et in sæcula sæcu-lorum. *Amen.*

LUCIS CREATOR.

Air 153.

- 1 LUCIS creator optime,
Lucem dierum proferens,
Primordiis lucis novæ,
Mundi parans originem.

- 2 Qui mane junctum vesperi,
Diem vocari præcipis:
Illabitur tetrum chaos,
Audi preces cum fletibus.
- 3 Ne mens gravata crimine,
Vitæ sit exul munere,
Dum nil perenne cogitat,
Seseque culpis illigat.
- 4 Cœleste pulset ostium,
Vitale tollat præmium:
Vitemus omne noxium:
Purgemus omne pessimum.
- 5 Præsta, Pater piissime,
Patrique compar Unice,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Regnans per omne sæculum. Amen.
- V. Dirigatur Domine, cratio mea.
R. Sicut incensum in conspectu tuo.

IN ADVENT.

Air 153.

- 1 CREATOR alme siderum,
Æterna lux credentium,
Jesu Redemptor Omnium,
Intende votis supplicum.
- 2 Qui dæmonis ne fraudibus
Periret orbis impetu,
Amoris actus, languidi
Mundi medela factus es.

- 3 Commune qui mundi nefas,
Ut expiaries, ad crucem
E Virginis sacrario
Intactu prodis Victima.
- 4 Cujus potestas gloriæ,
Nomenque cum primum sonat,
Et cœlites et inferi
Tremante curvantur genu.
- 5 Te deprecamur, ultimæ
Magnum diei Judicem:
Armis supernæ gratiæ,
Defende nos ab hostibus.
- 6 Virtus, honor, laus, gloria
Deo Patri cum Filio,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
In sæculorum sæcula. Amen.

V. Rorate cœli desuper, et nubes pluant
justum.

R. Aperiatuŕ terra, et germinet Salvatorem.

IN LENT.

Air 153.

- 1 AUDI, benigne Conditor,
Nostras preces cum fletibus,
In hoc sacro jujunio
Fusas quara genario.
- 2 Scrutator alme cordium,
Infirmatu scis virium:
Ad te reversis exhibe
Remissionis gratiam.

- 3 Multum quidem peccavimus,
Sed parce confidentibus:
Ad nominis laudem tui,
Confer medelam languidis.
- 4 Concede nostrum conteri
Corpus per abstinenciam,
Culpæ ut relinquunt pabulum
Jejuna corde criminum.
- 5 Præsta, beata Trinitas,
Concede, simplex Unitas:
Ut fructuosa sint tuis
Jeiuniorum munera. Amen.

V. Angelis suis Deus mandavit de te.

R. Ut custodiant te in omnibus viis tuis.

EASTER TIME.

Air 153.

- 1 Ad regias agni dapes,
Stolis amicti candidis,
Post transitum maris Rubri,
Cristo canamus principi.
- 2 Divina cujus charitas
Sacrum propinat sanguinem,
Almique membra corporis
Amor sacerdos immolat.
- 3 Sparsum cruorem postibus,
Vastato horret Angelus;
Fugitque divisum mare,
Merguntur hostes fluctibus.

4 Jam Pascha nostrum Christus est,
Paschalis idem victima,
Et pura puris mentibus
Sinceritatis azyma.

5 O vera cœli Victima,
Subjecta sui sunt tartara,
Soluta mortis vincula,
Recepta vitæ præmia!

6 Victor, subactis inferis,
Trophæa Christus explicat,
Cœloque aperto, subditum
Regem tenebrarum trahit.

7 Ut sis perenne mentibus
Paschale, Jesu, gaudium,
A morte dira criminum,
Vitæ renatos libera.

8 Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
In sempiterna sæcula. Amen.

V. Mane nobiscum, Domine, Alleluia.

R. Quoniam advesperascit, Alleluia.

PSALMS.

*To be used occasionally on the principal Festivals
of the Year.*

LÆTATUS SUM. Psalm cxxi.

1 LÆTATUS SUM in his, quæ dicta sunt mi-hi
in domum Dñmini i-bi-mus.

- 2 Stan-tes erant *pedes nostri* : * in átriis tu-is,
Je-rú-salem.
- 3 Jerúsalem, quæ ædificá-tur ut ci-vitas : *
cujus participátio ejus in i-dí-psum.
- 4 Illuc enim ascendérunt tribus, √ tribus *Dó-*
mini : * testimónium Israel ad confitén-
dum *nómi-ni Dómini.*
- 5 Quia illic edérunt sedes in *ju-dí-cio* ; *
sedes super domum *Da-vid.*
- 6 Rogáte quæ ad pacem sunt *Jersualém* : * et
abundantiá *díli-gén-tibus te.*
- 7 Fiat pax in vir-túte tu-a : * et abundántia in
tárribus tuis.
- 8 Propter fratres meos et *próximos me-os* : *
loquébar *pa-cem de te.*
- 9 Propter domum *Dómini Dei nos-tri* : *
quæsivi *bo-na ti-bi.*
- 10 Gloria *Patri et Filio* * et *Spiri-tui Sancto.*
- 11 Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper √
et in sæcula sæcu-lorum. *Amen.*

NISI DOMINUS. Psalm cxxvi.

- 1 NISI *Dóminus* ædificaverit *do-mum*, * in
vanum laboraverunt qui *œ-di-fi-cant e-am.*
- 2 Nisi *Dóminus* custodierit ci-vi-tátem, *
frustra vigilat qui *cus-tó-dit e-am.*
- 3 Vanum est vobis ante lu-cem *súr-gere* : *
súrgite postquam sedéritis, √ qui mandu-
cátis *pa-nem dó-lo-ris.*
- 4 Cum déderit diléctis su-is *som-num* : * ecce
hæréditas Dómini, filii; merces, fruc-tus
ven-tris.

- 5 Sicut sagítæ in ma-nu po-tén-tis, * ita filii
ex-cus-só-rum.
- 6 Beátus vir qui implévit dé-sidérium su-um
ex *ip-sis*; * non confundétur, ¶ cum ló-
quétur inimícis su-is in *por-ta.*
- 7 Glória Pa-tri, et *Filio* * et Spiri-tui *Sancto.*
- 8 Sicut erat in princípio ¶ et nunc et *sem-*
per * et in sæcula sæcu-lorum. Amen.

LAUDA JERUSALEM. Psalm cxlvii.

- 1 LAUDA Jerusalem *Dómi-num*: lauda Deum
tu-um, Si-on.
- 2 Quóniam confortávit seras portárum tu-á-
rum; * benedíxit filiis *tu-is in te.*
- 3 Qui pósuit fines tuos *pa-cem*, * et ádi-pe
fruménti *sá-tiat te.*
- 4 Qui emíttit elóquium suum *ter-ræ*, * veló-
citer currit *ser-mo e-jus.*
- 5 Qui dat nivem sicut *la-nam*, * nébulam si-
cut *cíne-rem spar-git.*
- 6 Mittit crystállum suam sicut buc-cél-las: *
ante fáciem frigoris ejus quis *sus-ti-né-bit.*
- 7 Emitteret verbum suum, et liquefáci-et *e-a*:*
flabit spíritus ejus, et *flu-ent a-quæ.*
- 8 Qui annúntiat verbum suum *Ja-cób*, * jus-
títias et judícia *su-a Is-srael.*
- 9 Non fecit táliter omni nati-ó-ni, * et judicia
sua non manifes-tá-vit *e-is.*
- 10 Glória Pat-ri et *Filio* * et Spi-ri-tui *Sanctó.*
- 11 Sicut erat in principio ¶ et nunc et *semper* *
et in sæ-cula sæ-cu-ló-rum. Amen.

CREDIDI PROPTER. Psalm cxv.

- 1 CREDIDI propter quod *ló-cu-tus sum*; * ego autem *humili-atus sum ni-mis*.
 - 2 Ego dixi in excéssu *me-o*: * Omnis *ho-mo men-dax*.
 - 3 Quid retríbuam *Dó-mino*, * pro ómnibus quæ *re-tribuit mi-hi*?
 - 4 Càlicem salutáris *ac-ci-piam*, * et nomen Dómini *in-vo-cá-bo*.
 - 5 Vota mea Domino reddam coram omni pópulo *e-jus*: * pretiósa in conspéctu Dómini √ mors *sanc-tó-rum e-jus*.
 - 6 O Dómine, quia ego servus *tu-us*, * ego servus tuus, et filius *an-cíl-læ tu-æ*.
 - 7 Dirupisti vincula *me-a*, * tibi sacrificábo hóstiám laudis, √ et nomen Dómini *in-vo-cá-bo*.
 - 8 Vota mea Dómino reddam in conspéctu omnis pópuli *e-jus*, * in átriis domus Dómini, √ in médio tui, *Je-ru-salem*.
 - 9 Gloria Patri, et *Fi-li-o*, * et Spiri-tui Sancto.
 - 10 Sicut erat in principio √ et nunc et *semper*: * et in sæcula sæcu-lorum. *Amen*.
-

MEMENTO DOMINI. Psalm cxxxi.

- 1 MEMENTO Do-mi-ne *Da-vid*, * et omnes mansue *tudi-nis e-jus*.
- 2 Sicut jur-ávit *Dó-mino*; * votum vovit De-o *Ja-cob*.

- 3 Si introítero in tabernáculum *domus meæ* ; *
si ascendero in lectum *stra-ti me-i*.
- 4 Si dédero somnum *óculis meis* : * et pálpe-
bris meis dormita-*ti-ó-nem*.
- 5 Et réquiem tem-*póribus meis* : * donec in-
véniam locum Dómino, √ tabernáculum
De-o *Jacob*.
- 6 Ecce audívimus eam in *Ephra-tá* : * invén-
imus eam in cam-*pis sil-væ*.
- 7 Introíbimus in taber-*náculum e-jus* : * ad-
orábimus in loco, √ ubi stetérunt pe-*des*
e-jus.
- 8 Surge, Dómine, in *réquiem tu-am* : * tu, et
arca sanctificatio-*nis tu-æ*.
- 9 Sacerdótes tui indu-*ántur jus-ti-tiam* : * et
sancti tui *e-xúl-tent*.
- 10 Propter David *servum tu-um* : * non avértas
fá-*ci-m Chris-ti tu-i*.
- 11 Juravit Dominus David veiritátem, √ et
non frus-*trábitur e-am* : * De fructu ven-
tris tui √ ponam super se-*dem tu-am*.
- 12 Si custodíerint filii tui testa-*méntum me-*
um : * et testimónia mea hæc, √ quæ
docé-*bo eos*.
- 13 Et filii eórum *usque in sæ-culum* : * sedé-
bunt super se-*dem tu-am*.
- 14 Quóniam elégit Dóminus *Sión* : * elégit
eam in habitati-*ó-nem sibi*.
- 15 Hæc réquies mea in *sæ-culum sæ-culi* : * hic
hábitábo, quó-*niam elé-gi e-am*.
- 16 Viduam ejus benedícens *bene-dí-cam* : *
paúperes ejus satur-ábo *pá-nibus*.

- 17 Sacerdótes ejus induam *salu-tá-ri*: * et
sancti ejus exul-tatióne *e-xul-tá-bunt*.
- 18 Iluc producam *cornu, David*: * parávi
lucérnam *Chris-to me-o*.
- 19 Inimícos ejus induam *con-fusi-ó-ne*: * su-
per ipsum autem efflorebit sanctificáti-ó
me-a.
- 20 Gloria *Patri et Filio*: * et Spiritui *Sancto*.
- 21 Sicut erat in principio et *nunc et semper*: *
et in sæcula *sæculo-rum. Amen.*

(*From Advent till the Purification.*)

ALMA REDEMPTORIS.

Air 157.

SOLO.

- 1 ALMA, Alma, Alma, Redemptoris Mater quæ
pervia cœli,
Porta manes et stella maris succurre cadenti.

CHORUS.

Porta manes et stella maris, succurre cadenti.

SOLO.

- 2 Surgere qui curat Populo tu quæ genuisti
Natura mirante
Tuum sanctum Genitorem, tuum sanctum
Genitorem.

CHORUS.

Tuum sanctum Genitorem, tuum sanctum
Genitorem.

SOLO.

- 3 Virgo prius ac posterius, Gabrielis ab ore
Sumens illud ave
Pecatorum miserere, Peccatorum miserere.

CHORUS.

Pecatorum miserere, Peccatorum miserere.

(In Advent.)

V. Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ.

R. Et concepit de Spiritu Sancto.

(From Christmas to the Purification.)

V. Post partum Virgo inviolata permansisti.

R. Dei Genitrix intercede pro nobis.

(From the Purification till Easter.)

AVE REGINA.

Air 158.

DUO.

- 1 Ave, Ave, Ave Regina, Regina cœlorum.
Ave, Ave, Ave, Domina angelorum.

CHORUS.

Salve radix, salve porta,
Ex qua mundo lux est orta.

Salve radix, salve porta,
||: Ex qua mundo lux est orta. : ||

DUO.

- 2 Gaude, Gaude, Gaude, Virgo gloriosa
Super omnes speciosa omnes speciosa.

CHORUS.

Vale o valde valde decora
 Et pro nobis Christum exora.
 Vale o valde, valde decora
 ||: Et pro nobis Christum exora. : ||

V. Dignare me, laudare te, virgo sacrata.
 R. Da mihi virtutem contra hostes tuos.

(*From Easter till Trinity Eve.*)

REGINA CÆLI.

Airs 159, 23.

DUO.—REGINA cœli, Regina cœli lætare.

CHO.—Alleluia, Aleluia, Alleluia.

2 Quia quem meruisti portare quem meruisti
 portare.

Alleluia, &c.

3 Resurrexit sicut dixit, Resurrexit, sicut
 dixit. .

Alleluia, &c.

4 Ora, ora, ora pro nobis Deum. .

Alleluia, &c.

V. Gaude et lætare, Virgo Maria, Alleluia.

R. Quia surrexit Dominus vere, Alleluia.

(*From Trinity Sunday to Advent.*)

SALVE REGINA.

Air 160.

SOLO.—SALVE, Salve.

DUO.—Regina, Mater misericordiæ.

TUTTI.—Vita, vita dulcedo, et spes nostra
salve.

DUO.—Ad te clamamus exules, exules fili Evæ.

CHORUS.—Ad te suspiramus gementes et flen-
tes, in hac lacrymarum valle, in hac lacry-
marum valle.

SOLO.—Eia ergo, eia ergo advocata nostra.

TUTTI.—Illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos
converte.

DUO.—Et Jesum benedictum fructum ventris,
ventris tui, nobis post hoc exilium, exilium
os tende.

O clemens! O pia! O dulcis Virgo Maria.

V. Ora pro nobis, Sancta Dei Genitrix.

R. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.

O SALUTARIS.

Airs 161, 162, 163, 164, 165.

1 O SALUTARIS Hostia!
Quæ cœli pandis ostium;
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur, fer auxilium.

2 Uni trinoque Domino
Sit sempiterna gloria,
Qui vitam sine termino
Nobis donet in patria. Amen.

TANTUM ERGO.

Airs 166, 167, 168, 169.

- 1 TANTUM ergo Sacramentum
 Veneremur cernui,
 Et antiquum documentum
 Novo cedat ritui;
 Præstet fides supplementum
 Sensuum defectui.
- 2 Genitori Genitoque
 Laus et jubilatio,
 Salus, honor, virtus quoque
 Sit et benedictio,
 Procedenti ab utroque
 Compar sit laudatio. Amen.

V. Panem de cœlo præstitisti eis,
 R. Omne delectamentum in se habentem.

Morning Hymn.

IN MUSIO'S SWEETEST STRAINS.

Airs 116, 111.

- 1 IN music's sweetest strains we'll sing,
 Our notes to God we'll raise;
 ||: And make His sacred temple ring,
 With hymns of love and praise.:||
- 2 Our tongues hosannas shall proclaim;
 Our hearts devoutly pray;
 ||: Each morning and each evening theme,
 Shall echo thro' the day.:||

3 In God's own house we'll sing His praise;
For there His glory dwells;
||: To Heav'n our hearts and songs we'll
raise,
In sweetest canticles. : ||

4 As long as we have life and breath,
Our Maker we will praise:
||: And when our voice expires in death,
Death will perfect our lays. : ||

Morning Hymn.

MAY JESUS CHRIST BE PRAISED.

Air 79.

1 WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
||: May Jesus Christ be praised: ||
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair:
||: May Jesus Christ be praised. : ||

2 When you begin the day,
Oh, never fail to say,
||: May Jesus, &c. : ||
And at your work rejoice,
To sing with heart and voice
||: May Jesus, &c. : ||

3 Be this at meals your grace,
In every time and place
||: May Jesus, &c. : ||
Be this, when day is past,
Of all your thoughts the last,
||: May Jesus, &c. : ||

- 4 To God the Word on high
The hosts of angels cry,
||: May Jesus, &c.: ||
Let children too, upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise
||: May Jesus, &c.: ||
- 5 Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound:
|: May Jesus, &c.: ||
Let air, and sea, and sky,
'Through depth and height reply
||: May Jesus, &c.: ||
-

Morning Hymn.

THE EARTH, O LORD, REJOICES.

Air 117.

- 1 THE earth, O Lord, rejoices,
And sings with glad acclaim,
A hymn of many voices,
In honor of Thy name.
We join the happy chorus
That hails the morning light;
And bless the Lord that o'er us
Kept loving watch all night.
- 2 Our ev'ry thought and action
We offer up to Thee;
From folly and distraction,
We beg Thee keep us free.
Let no profane example,
No censure, no applause,
Lead us this day to trample
O Lord upon thy laws.

- 3 It pleased Thee, Lord, to make us,
That we may serve Thee here;
Let not Thy grace forsake us,
But keep us in Thy fear.
Preserve our life, O Father,
That we may serve Thee still,
But let us lose it, rather
Than disobey Thy will.
-

Morning Hymn.

NOW DOTH THE SUN ASCEND THE SKY.

Airs 118, 42.

- 1 Now doth the sun ascend the sky,
And wake creation with its ray;
Be present with us, Lord most high;
Through all the actions of the day.
Keep us eternal, Lord, this day,
From ev'ry sinful passion free;
||: Grant us in all we do or say,
In all our thoughts to honor Thee.: ||
- 2 O Lord of perfect purity,
Who dost the world with light adorn;
And paint the field of azure sky,
With lovely hues of eve and morn.
True sun, upon our souls arise,
In beauty shining evermore;
||: And thro' each sense the quick'ning
stream,
Of thy eternal Spirit pour.: ||
- 3 Upon our fainting soul distill,
The grace of thy celestial dew

Let no fresh snare to sin beguile,
 No former sin revive anew.
 Teach us to knock at heaven's high door,
 Teach us the prize of life to win;
 ||: Teach us all evil to abhor,
 And purify ourselves within.: ||

4 So when the evening stars appear,
 And in their train the darkness bring;
 May we, O Lord, with conscience clear,
 To Thee our grateful praises sing.
 Glory to God the Father be,
 And to the sole begotten Son;
 ||: The same, O Holy Ghost to Thee,
 While everlasting ages run.: ||

Evening Hymn.

SWEET SAVIOUR! BLESS US ERE WE GO.

Air 119.

1 SWEET Saviour! bless us ere we go,
 Thy word into our minds instill;
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow,
 With lowly love and fervent will.

CHO.—Though life's long day, and death's
 dark night,
 O gentle Jesus be our light,
 O gentle Jesus be our light.

2 The day is done, its hours have run;
 And Thou hast taken count of all;
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
 The broken vow, the frequent fall.
 Through life's, &c.

- 3 Grant us, dear Lord! from evil ways,
True absolution and release;
And bless us more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's, &c.
- 4 Do more than pardon; give us joy;
Sweet fear and sober liberty;
And simple hearts without delay,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's, &c.
- 5 Sweet Saviour! bless us, night is come;
Mary and Joseph near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's, &c.
-

Evening Hymn.

HEAR THY CHILDREN, GENTLE JESUS.

Air 77.

- 1 HEAR Thy children, gentle Jesus,
While we breathe our evening prayer;
Save us from all harm and danger,
Take us 'neath Thy shelt'ring care.
- 2 Save us from the wiles of Satan,
'Mid the lone and sleepful night,
Sweetly may bright guardian angels
Keep us 'neath their watchful sight.
- 3 Gentle Jesus, look in pity
From Thy great white throne above,
All the night Thy Heart is wakeful
In Thy sacrament of love.

- 4 Shades of even fast are falling,
Day is fading into gloom;
When the shades of death fall round us,
Lead Thine exiled children home.
-

Evening Hymn.

AS FADES THE GLOWING ORB OF DAY.

Air 120.

- 1 As fades the glowing orb of day,
To Thee, great source of life we pray;
Blest Three in One, to ev'ry heart,
Thy beams of life and love impart.
- 2 O Thou true life of all that live,
Who dost unmoved all motion sway;
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through its changes guide the day.
- 3 At early dawn, at close of day,
To Thee our vows we humbly pay;
May we 'mid joys that never end,
With Thy bright saints in homage bend.
- 4 Thy light upon our evening pour,
So may our souls no sunset see,
But death to us an open door,
To an eternal morning be.
- 5 To God the Father and the Son,
And Holy Spirit Three in One,
Be endless glory as before
The world began, and ever more.

ACTS OF THE THEOLOGICAL VIRTUES.

Air 121.

FAITH.

- 1 GREAT God! whatever thro' Thy Church
Thou teachest to be true,
I firmly do believe it all,
And shall confess it too.
Thou never canst deceived be,
Thou never canst deceive,
For Thou art Truth itself, and Thou
Dost tell me to believe.

HOPE.

- 2 My God! I firmly hope in Thee,
For 'Thou art great and good,
And gavest us Thine only Son,
To die upon the Rood.
I hope thro' Him for grace, to live
As Thy commandments teach;
And thro' Thy mercy when I die,
The joys of Heav'n to reach.

CHARITY.

- 3 With all my heart, and soul, and strength,
I love Thee, O my Lord,
For Thou art perfect, and all things
Were made by Thy blest Word.
My neighbor to Thine image Thou,
Like me, wert pleased to make;
And as I love myself, I love
My neighbor for thy sake.

CONTRITION.

- 4 Most Holy God! my very soul
With grief sincere is moved,

Because I have offended Thee,
Whom I should e'er have loved.
Forgive me, Father! I am now
Resolved to sin no more,
And by Thy holy grace to shun
What made me sin before.

I AM A LITTLE CATHOLIC.

Airs 111, 116.

- 1 I AM a little Catholic,
And Christian is my name,
And I believe the Holy Church,
In every age the same.
 - 2 The holy ancient Roman Church,
Enduring firmly still,
Where Christ her King hath planted her,
Upon St. Peter's hill.
 - 3 Jerusalem she is above,
Our city and our home;
But after that same pattern is
The holy city Rome.
 - 4 Time writes no wrinkle on her brow,
For thou art ever young;
Hail! Rome, eternal citadel,
From whence our Faith hath sprung.
-

THE ETERNAL FATHER.

Airs 80, 85.

- 1 My God, how wonderful Thou art!
Thy Majesty how bright!
How beautiful Thy Mercy-Seat
In depths of burning light!

- 2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!
- 3 How beautiful, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!
- 4 Yet I may love Thee, too, O Lord!
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- 5 Oh, then this worse than worthless heart
In pity deign to take,
And make it love Thee for Thyself,
And for Thy glory's sake.
- 6 No earthly father loves like Thee;
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done
With me Thy sinful child.
- 7 Only to sit and think of God,
Oh, what a joy it is,
To think the thought, to breathe the Name,
Earth has no higher bliss.
- 8 Father of Jesus! love's Reward!
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee!

THE LORD'S DAY.

Air 79.

- 1 THIS is the day our Lord
Hath chosen for His own;
Come, mortals, from your toil,
And worship at his throne.
Lift up your hearts in prayer,
And let your wants be known;
This is the day our Lord,
Hath chosen for His own.
- 2 The Lord made heaven and earth,
The stars, the moon, the sun,
And on the seventh day
His wondrous work was done.
In six days all were made,
The seventh day he blessed,
Because His work was o'er,
And this the day of rest.
- 3 From Sinai's burning mount
The Lord's commands were given,
And Israel shook with fear,
To hear the voice of heaven.
"The Sabbath-day is mine,"
That voice was heard to say,
"Let all the people know,
And keep the Sabbath-day."
- 4 When Jesus came himself
Our erring souls to seek,
He made the Sabbath-day
The first day of the week;
That day the Saviour blessed,
His glorious work was done,
And heaven's eternal rest,
That day became our own.

HARK! MY SOUL, HOW EVERY THING.

Airs 122, 20, 22, 33.

- 1 HARK! my soul, how every thing
Strives to serve our bounteous King:
Each a double tribute pays:
Sings its part and then obeys.
Nature's chief and sweetest choir,
Him with cheerful notes admire:
Chanting every day their lauds,
While the grove their song applauds.
- 2 Tho' their voices lower be,
Streams have, too, their melody:
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause but still go on.
All the flow'rs that gild the spring,
Hither their still music bring:
If heav'n bless them, thankful, they
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.
- 3 Only we can scarce afford,
This short office to our Lord;
We, on whom His bounty flows,
All things gives, and nothing owes.
Wake for shame my slothful heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy part;
Learn of birds, and springs, and flow'rs,
How to use thy noble powers.
- 4 Call all nature to thy aid,
Since 'twas He all nature made;
Join in one eternal song,
Who to one God all belong.
Live forever glorious Lord!
Live, by all Thy works adored:
One in Three, and Three in One,
Thrice we bow to Thee alone.

OUR GREAT PROTECTOR.

Air 123.

- 1 THE Lord himself, the mighty God,
Vouchsafes to be my guide;
The shepherd by whose constant care,
My wants are all supplied.
In verdant meads He makes me feed,
And gently there repose,
Then leads me to cool shades,
And where refreshing water flows.
 - 2 He does my wandering soul reclaim,
And to His endless praise,
Instructs with humble zeal to walk,
In His most righteous ways.
I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free.
For there, His aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.
 - 3 In presence of my spiteful foes,
He does my table spread;
He crowns my cup with cheerful wine,
With oil anoints my head.
Since God doth thus His wondrous love,
Thro' all my life extend,
That life to Him I will devote,
And in His temple spend.
-

THOU ART, O GOD! THE LIFE AND LIGHT.

Airs 42, 53, 118.

- 1 THOU art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wond'rous world we see—
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
— Are but reflections caught from Thee,

Where'er we turn Thy glory shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.
Where'er we turn, &c.

2 When day with farewell beams delays
Among the op'ning clouds of even',
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven;
Those hues that mark the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.
Those hues that mark, &c.

3 When night with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.
That sacred gloom, &c.

4 When youthful spring around us breathes
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And ev'ry flower the summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye;
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.
Where'er we turn, &c.

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

Airs 80, 85.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; on every height
Songs to His glory raise;
Ye angel hosts, ye stars of night,
Send forth your voice of praise:

For His the word that gave you birth,
 And majesty and might;
 Praise to the Highest from the earth,
 And let the deeps unite.

- 2 O fire and vapour, hail and snow,
 Ye servants of His will:
 O stormy winds, that only blow
 His mandates to fulfil;
 Ye mountains, rocks, to heav'n that rise;
 Fair cedars of the wood;
 All things of life that wing the skies,
 Or track the plains for food.
- 3 Ye judges, rulers, kings, whose hand
 The septre waves on high,
 O youths and virgins of the land;
 O age and infancy;
 Praise ye His name, to whom alone
 All homage should be given,
 Whose glory from th' eternal throne
 Spreads wide o'er earth and heav'n.

(Hymn of St. F. Xavier.)

MY GOD, I LOVE THEE.

Air 130.

- 1 My God, I love Thee, not because
 I hope for heav'n thereby;
 Nor yet that they who love Thee not
 Must burn eternally.
 Thou, O my Jesus, didst me
 Upon the Cross embrace;
 For me didst bear the nails and spear,
 And manifold disgrace;

And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
Even death itself; and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.

- 2 Then why, O Blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love thee well;
Not for the sake of winning Heaven,
Or of escaping hell:
Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward:
But as Thyself has loved me,
O ever-loving Lord.
Ev'n so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Because Thon art my Lord and God
And my eternal King.
-

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

Airs 80, 83, 85.

- 1 THERE's worship where the roses bloom,
Where violets are found,
Among the flowers that bow at morn
With shining dew-drops crowned.
And all the blossoms, red and white,
That scent the leafy grove,
They, too, proclaim their Maker's name,
And thank Him for His love.
- 2 There's worship where the merry birds
Are flying o'er the plain;
And where they peck the berries bright,
Adown the shady lane.
And through the golden grain below,
Or blushing fruit above,

They, too, proclaim their Maker's name,
And thank Him for His love.

- 3 There's worship in the foaming brook
That down the mountain pours;
And on the blue lake feathering
The boatman's lifted oars.
Where waters court the cooling shade,
And where they gaily rove,
They, too, proclaim their Maker's name,
And thank Him for His love.

- 4 There's worship on the grassy plain
Where shepherds tend their flocks,
And where the eagle builds his nest
High up among the rocks;
And where the fishes, great and small,
Beneath old ocean move,
They, too, proclaim their Maker's name,
And thank Him for His love.

- 5 There's worship in the countless worlds
That roll through boundless space;
The hand that fashioned all the stars,
Guides each one in its race.
These works of God pray not like man,
But while His might they prove,
Bid man proclaim their Maker's name,
And thank Him for His love.

DEAR CHILDREN PRAISE THE LORD.

Air 124.

- 1 DEAR children, praise the Lord in all,
Early and late, in mirth and tears,
Lift up thy voice in earnest call,
With mingled love and holy fears.

CHO.—Dear children, praise His holy name!
Adore His presence, fear His word;
And O! in all, be this thy aim,
Still more and more to praise the
Lord!

2 Praise Him for all His mercies giv'n,
In flowing streams with lavish hand;
Who made thee that thy soul in heav'n,
Might ever in His presence stand.
Dear children, &c.

3 Praise Him who, in Baptismal rite,
Call'd thee from sin to life of grace,
Who pour'd on thee His holy light,
To fit thee for thy heav'nly place.
Dear children, &c.

4 Praise Him who in His Church hath sent
Means to confirm, restore, uphold:
Who stays thy soul when it is faint,
And checks its course when over bold.
Dear children, &c.

5 Praise Him, who ev'ry gift above,
Has yet in store a gift more dear,
When to the Sacrament of love,
He bids thee come, and nothing fear.
Dear children, &c.

O COME, LOUD ANTHEMS LET US SING.

Air 125.

1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King:
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

CHO.—Great is the Lord! what tongue can
frame
An equal honor to His name.

2 Into His presence let us haste,
To thank Him for His favors past;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His name belongs.
Great is the Lord! &c.

3 The depths of earth are in His hand,
Her secret wealth at His command;
The strength of hills that reach the skies,
Subjected to His empire lies.
Great is the Lord! &c.

4 O let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees, devoutly all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.
Great is the Lord! &c.

WHEN SPRING UNLOCKS THE FLOWERS.

Airs 80, 85.

1 WHEN spring unlocks the flowers gay,
To paint the laughing soil;
When summer's balmy showers
Refresh the mower's toil;
When winter binds in frosty chains
The fallow and the flood—
In truth, the earth rejoiceth still,
And owns her Maker good.

- 2 The birds that wake the morning up,
And those that love the shade:
The winds that sweep the mountain,
Or lull the drowsy glade;
The sun that from his amber bower
Rejoiceth on his way;
The moon and stars, their Master's name
In silent pomp display.
- 3 Shall man, the lord of nature,
And expectant of the sky,
Shall man, alone unthankful,
His little praise deny?
No! let the year forsake its course,
The seasons cease to roll,
His Maker let him truly love
With all his heart and soul.
- 4 The flowers of spring may wither,
And the hope of summer fade;
The autumn droop in winter,
The birds forsake the shade;
The winds be lull'd,—the sun and moon
Forget their course to run,
But he whose heart is right with heaven,
Finds glory but begun.
-

THE SMILE OF JESUS.

Airs 45, 84, 137.

- 1 SWEET is the face of nature,
When flowers deck the vales,
When air is filled with fragrance
Wafted by vernal gales;

Yet zephyrs vainly fan me,
And flow'rs to groves invite,
Without the smile of Jesus,
They give me no delight.

2 Sweet are the shady bowers,
The silent, still retreat;
The sunshine after showers,
And morning air are sweet;
But vain are nature's beauties,
And lost her sweets to me;
Dear Jesus, nought can charm me,
Without a smile from Thee.

3 Tho' crystal streams meander,
And fertilize the plain,
Tho' gentle zephyrs wander,
And waft each pleasing strain;
Tho' valleys, groves and fountains
Unite to charm my sight,
Without the smile of Jesus,
They cannot give delight.

4 Jesus, Thy smile of mercy
Can make my spirit whole,
And drive the shades of darkness
From my afflicted soul.
O! pardon my transgressions,
And purify my heart,
Speak all my sins forgiven,
And bid my fears depart.

5 For Thee my soul doth languish,
While all my joys are fled,
Oh! smile away this anguish,
And raise my drooping head!

Then saints shall hear my story,
And share my happiness,
While Thine shall be the glory,
And mine the endless bliss.

O ALL YE PEOPLE GOD HATH MADE.

Airs 28, 42, 119.

- 1 O ALL ye people God hath made,
Sing glory to His holy name:
To Him be endless honors paid,
Let every tongue His praise proclaim.
- CHO.—Praise to the Lord, who all things
made,
Give glory to His holy name,
To Him be endless honors paid,
Let every tongue His praise proclaim.
- 2 O sing His praise ye heav'nly choirs
Who stand around His awful throne,
Repeat on your immortal lyres,
'That praise belongs to Him alone.
Praise to the Lord, &c.
- 3 Thou glorious sun, His image bright,
Who rul'st the seasons and the days,
And thou, fair moon, who rul'st the night,
Unite in your Creator's praise.
Praise to the Lord, &c
- 4 Praise Him ye stars, whose trembling lights,
Like scatter'd pearls, adorn the sky;
Your silent course each heart invites,
To praise the Lord who reigns on high.
Praise to the Lord, &c.

5 Praise Him ye mounts, ye hills sublime—
Ye valleys dressed in living green:
Ye flow'rs declare to ev'ry clime,
His charm to mortal eye unseen.
Praise to the Lord, &c.

6 Praise Him ye founts, ye limpid streams,
Ye rapid rivers in your course,
Proclaim Him in your murm'ring themes,
Of ev'ry good th' exhaustless source.
Praise to the Lord, &c.

7 Join voices, ye sweet feather'd throng,
Whose warbling notes to heaven arise,
Let woods and hills repeat your song,
And zephyrs waft it through the skies.
Praise to the Lord, &c.

8 O thou, for whom this wondrous frame,
And all these creatures were design'd—
O man! adore and praise His name
In whom all beauties are combin'd.
Praise to the Lord, &c.

THE CHURCH OF THE SAINTS.

Airs 82, 83.

1 I'LL never forsake Thee; I never will be,
O Church of the Saints, an apostate from
thee;
Though friends may entice me, and fortune
may frown,
My Faith and my Church unto death I will
own.

- 2 They may boast of their wealth, they may
talk of their gold,
I'll be true to the Faith like the Martyrs of
old;
"A Catholic live, and a Catholic die,"
Be this my life's watchword, at death my
last cry.
- 3 I may lose some advantage, and forfeit some
gain,
I may meet with unkindness and suffer
some pain;
But Jesus and Mary will surely bestow
Richer gifts than from sin and apostacy flow.
- 4 They may call me a Papist, and laugh at my
creed;
'Tis the faith that will save in the hour of
need.
Let them talk, let them laugh; but when
death is at hand,
The priest is the only true friend in the
land.
- 5 Then we'll cling to the priest, and we'll cling
to the Pope;
We'll cling to Christ's Vicar, for Christ is
our hope;
We'll fight a good battle, and Mary the while
From her throne in the skies on her chil-
dren will smile.
-

GOD PRAISED IN HIS WORKS.

Air 126.

- 1 COME sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing,

Jehovah is the Sovereign God,
The universal King.

SOLO.—Praise ye the Lord,

CHO.—Alleluia.

SOLO.—Praise ye the Lord.

CHO.—Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Praise ye the Lord.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bounds,
The wat'ry worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.
Praise ye the Lord, &c.

3 Come, worship at His throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work and not our own,
He form'd us by His word.
Praise ye the Lord, &c.

STRIKE THE HARP.

Air 127.

1 STRIKE, strike the harp in praise of God!
Wake the timbrel's louder mirth!
Glorious the song must be
Of the Great Creator's worth.

Duo.

Nature in her calmness raises
Strains of gladness, peace, and love,
Min re-echoes forth her praises,
Glory to the God above.

CHO.—Strike, strike the harp in praise of God!
Wake the timbrel's louder mirth!
Glorious the song must be
Of the Great Creator's worth.

- 2 Honor Him, ye host of heav'n!
Worship Him ye realms of love!
Not with outward form alone,
But with hearts that purely glow.

Duo.

He who rules the earth, the ocean,
Keepeth silent watch o'er thee,
He can tell with what devotion,
Bows the heart or bends the knee.
Strike, strike, &c.

HOLY GOD, WE PRAISE THY NAME.

Air 128.

- 1 HOLY God, we praise Thy name!
Lord of all we bow before Thee!
All on earth Thy sceptre claim,
All in heav'n above adore Thee;
||: Infinite Thy vast domain,
Everlasting is Thy name.: ||
- 2 Hark! the loud celestial hymn,
Angel choirs above are singing!
Cherubim and Seraphim,
In unceasing chorus praising;
||: Fill the heavens with sweet accord;
Holy! Holy! Holy Lord.: ||
- 3 Lo! the apostolic train,
Join Thy sacred name to hallow!
Prophets swell the loud refrain,
And with white-robed martyrs follow;
||: And from morn till set of sun,
Through the church the song goes on.: ||

4 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee,
While in essence only One,
Undivided God we claim Thee;
||: And adoring bend the knee,
While we own the mystery.: ||

5 Thou art King of glory, Christ!
Son of God, yet born of Mary,
For us sinners, sacrificed,
And to death a tributary:
||: First to break the bars of death,
Thou hast open'd Heav'n to Faith.: ||

A YOUNG MAN'S COLLOQUY WITH JESUS.

Airs 80, 83.

1 How sweet and pure Thy call divine,
That claims my youthful heart,
It tells me I may still be Thine
And see Thee as Thou art:
It makes me long for joys unknown
And sigh to burst life's ties;
One end in life it makes me own
And count all other—lies.

2 No more the world shall hold its sway,
Nor vain, nor silly pride;
Religion's pure and genial ray
Shall be my light and guide.
If one affection still remain,
That clings not all to Thee,
Then break the bond, I heed no pain,
So that my soul be free!

- 3 I give to Thee—Thou claim'st no more,
Though poor the offering be;
Alas! my heart is all the store
That I can give to Thee.
Then take it Lord! 'tis all Thine own,
It sighs! it sighs! for Thee:
Here fix for ever, Lord! Thy throne,
Thus shall I happy be.
-

Children's Hymn.

O JESUS, GOD AND MAN!

Airs 44, 80.

- 1 O JESUS! God and man! for love
Of children, once a child;
O Jesus! God and man! we hail
Thee, Saviour sweet and mild.
O Jesus! God and man! make us
Poor children dear to Thee;
And lead us to Thyself to love
Thee for eternity.
- 2 O Mary! Mother-maid thou art
The Mother of the poor:
Mary, to thee we look to make
Our souls' salvation sure.
O Mary, Mother dear! thank God
For us for all His love;
And pray that in our faith we all
May true and steadfast prove.
- 3 O Jesus! Mary's Son! on Thee
For grace we children call;
Make us all men to love, but Thee
To love beyond them all.

O Jesus bless us in our work,
And all our sins forgive;
O happy, happy they who in
The church of Jesus live!

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Airs 111, 116.

I.

I AM THE LORD—and thou shalt serve
No other gods but me;
Religion true thou shalt observe,
Faith, Hope, and Charity.

II.

THOU SHALT NOT TAKE GOD'S NAME IN VAIN,
Nor swear unlawfully;
Things holy thou shalt not profane,
Nor curse irreverently.

III.

REMEMBER THAT THOU SANCTIFY
THE HOLY SABBATH DAY,
Work not without necessity,
Hear holy Mass, and pray.

IV.

THY PARANTS HONOR, serve, and love,
And cheerfully obey;
And servants must obedient prove
When without sin they may.

V.

THOU SHALT NOT KILL, nor vengeance take,
Nor hate thy enemy,
Forgive and love for Jesus' sake
All that have injured thee.

VI.

DO NOT COMMIT ADULTERY,
In thoughts, words, deeds, or looks;
Beware of evil company,
And read not dangerous books.

VII.

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL, nor keep, nor waste,
Nor cheat in any way;
Ill-gotten goods restore in haste;
And lawful debts repay.

VIII.

FALSE WITNESS THOU SHALT NEVER BEAR,
Nor tell a willful lie:
Detraction, if thou canst, repair,
As well as calumny.

IX and X.

THOU SHALT NOT COVET NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE,
Nor look with lustful eye;
THOU SHALT NOT COVET NEIGHBOUR'S GOODS,
Nor eye them enviously.
All this dost Thou command, O Lord!
We cheerfully obey;
And look to heaven for our reward
Through all eternity.

THE REWARD OF GOOD WORKS.

Air 129.

1 YES, Heaven is the prize!
My soul shall strive to gain;
One glimpse of Paradise
Repays a life of pain.

CHO.—'Tis Heaven! yes, Heaven!
Yes, Heaven is the prize!
'Tis Heav'n! yes, Heaven!
Yes, Heaven is the prize.

2 Yes, Heaven is the prize!
My soul, oh, think of this;
All earthly goods despise
For such a crown of bliss.
'Tis Heaven! &c.

3 Yes, Heaven is the prize!
When sorrows press around,
Look up beyond the skies,
Where hope and strength are found.
'Tis Heaven! &c.

4 Yes, Heaven is the prize!
Oh! 'tis not hard to gain;
He surely wins who tries,
For hope can conquer pain,
'Tis Heaven! &c.

5 Yes, Heaven is the prize!
Death opens wide the door;
And then the spirit flies
To God for evermore.
'Tis Heaven! &c.

SWEET THE MOMENTS.

Air 130.

1 SWEET the moments rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend.

Here I sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Make my final peace with God.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before the cross to lie,
Resting in the sweet compassion,
Of His mortal agony.
Here alone I find my heaven,
On the Lamb to humbly gaze;
Feel how much has been forgiven,
To His own eternal praise.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
Here I'll spend my latest breath;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove each day His wounds more healing,
And Himself more deeply know.

HAPPY WE, WHO THUS UNITED.

Airs 3, 130.

1 HAPPY we, who thus united
Join in cheerful melody;
Praising Jesus, Mary, Joseph,
In the "Holy Family."
Jesus, Mary, Joseph, help us,
That we ever true may be
To the promises that bind us
To the "Holy Family."

- 2 Jesus, whose almighty bidding
All created things fulfill,
Lives on earth in meek subjection
To His earthly parents' will.
Sweetest Infant, make us patient
And obedient for Thy sake;
Teach us to be chaste and gentle,
All our stormy passions break.
- 3 Mary! thou alone wert chosen
To be Mother of thy Lord:
Thou didst guide the early footsteps
Of the Great Incarnate Word.
Dearest Mother! make us humble;
For thy Son will take His rest
In the poor and lowly dwelling
Of a humble sinner's breast.
- 4 Joseph! thou wert called the father
Of thy Maker and thy Lord;
Thine it was to save thy Saviour
From the cruel Herod's sword.
Suffer us to call thee father;
Show to us a father's love;
Lead us safe through every danger
Till we meet in heaven above.
-

THE MOST HOLY SACRIFICE of the MASS.

Airs 81, 143.

- 1 WHEN the Patriarch was returning
Crown'd with triumph from the fray,
Him the peaceful King of Salem
Came to meet upon his way;
||: Meekly bearing Bread and Wine
Holy Priesthood's awful sign!:||

- 2 On the truth thus dimly shadow'd,
Later days a lustre shed;
When the great High-Priest eternal,
Under forms of Wine and Bread,
||: For the world's immortal food
Gave His Flesh and gave His Blood.: ||
- 3 Wondrous gift!—the Word Who moulded
All things by His might divine,
Bread into His body changes,
Into His own Blood the wine;
||: What though sense no change perceives,
Faith admires, adores, believes!: ||
- 4 He Who once to die a Victim
On the Cross did not refuse,
Day by day upon our altars
That same sacrifice renews;
||: Through His holy Priesthood's hands
Faithful to His last commands!: ||
- 5 While the people all uniting
In the sacrifice sublime,
Offer Christ to His High Father,
Offer up themselves with Him,
||: Then together with the Priest
On the living Victim feast.: ||
-

Mass Hymns. No. 1

AT THE COMMENCEMENT.

Air 133.

- 1 ON bended knee a guilty race,
Before Thee we appear:
O grant us, Lord, thy saving grace,
Our sighs of sorrow hear.

That we're unworthy, Lord, we own,
But let Thy mercy still be shown,
And on us sinners pity take,
For Thine and our sweet Jesus' sake,
For Jesus' sake, for Jesus' sake,
For Thy sweet Jesus' sake.

- 2 Full grievously we've sinned we know,
Far, far from duty swerved;
But yet, kind Lord, hold back the blow,
Too well by sin deserved.
Forget not all the blood He shed,
Thy Son, our Brother, on whose head
Thou once didst lay that guiltiness,
Which now in sorrow we confess,
We now confess, we now confess,
In sorrow we confess.
-

AT THE GLORIA.

Air 134.

- 1 LET glory in the highest,
Be given, Lord, to Thee;
On earth with men of good will,
Let peace for ever be.
We praise Thee, we adore Thee,
Thee bless and magnify,
And for Thine own great glory,
We thank Thee, Lord most high.
- 2 And Thou, Lord, co-eternal,
God's sole begotten Son,
O Jesus, our anointed,
Who hast redemption won.

Who for the world's transgressions,
Dost ever more atone,
O Lamb, who guilt absolvest,
To us be mercy shown.

AT THE GOSPEL.

Air 135.

- 1 THAT we've been born in Christian land,
O Lord our thanks receive;
The Holy Gospel at Thy hand
We take, and we believe.
 - 2 Yet still that we may understand,
Nor from Thy teaching stray;
To Holy Church, by Thy command,
We listen and obey.
-

AT THE OFFERTORY.

Air 136.

- 1 ACCEPT, Almighty Father,
These gifts of bread and wine,
Which now the Priest is offering,
For us before Thy shrine;
But soon the Word will make them
His body and His blood,
The sacrifice renewing,
Once offered on the Rood.
- 2 With these, altho' unworthy,
Some offering we make,
But all we have Thou gavest,
Then what thou gavest, take;

Our heart, our soul, our senses,
We give thro' Mary's hands,
Who by the cross once standing,
Now by the altar stands.

AT THE SANCTUS.

Air 137.

- 1 HARK! hark! the angels singing
Through all the heav'nly coasts,
'Tis "Holy! Holy! Holy!"
Art Thou Lord God of Hosts!"
The starry sky around us,
The shining earth below,
The greatness of Thy glory
In bright effulgence show.
 - 2 Then children, join your voices,
And sing with one accord
"Thrice blessed He who cometh
In Thy name, mighty Lord."
Hosanna in the highest!
To David's Son intone;
Thus may we sing in glory
For ever 'round His throne.
-

AFTER THE ELEVATION.

Air 138.

- 1 SEE, Heav'nly Father! see the off'ring,
Which now upon Thy altar lies;
It is Thy Son, Thy well-beloved,
Whom Thou hast sent us from the skies.

Thro' Him we pray, ungrateful children,
'Through Him Thy mercy we implore;
For us He came, for us He labored;
Anguish and death for us He bore.

- 2 He gives himself a free oblation
In humble forms of bread and wine;
For mine and all mankind's salvation,
Is offered up the Lamb Divine.
Showing in earnest of our ransom
The bloody nailprints in His hands;
Thou canst not, Lord, refuse to hear Him;
Behold, for us He pleading stands.
-

AT THE COMMUNION.

Air 139.

- 1 O LORD I am not worthy
That Thou shouldst come to me,
But speak the words of comfort,
My spirit healed shall be.
- 2 And humbly I'll receive Thee,
The Bridegroom of my soul,
No more by sin to grieve Thee,
Or fly Thy sweet control.
-

AT THE CLOSE.

Air 140.

- 1 THE Sacrifice is ended,
Atonement has ben made,
The Lamb from Heav'n descended,
Our ransom full has paid.

Then let our pæans, swelling,
Re-echo thro' the sky,
In praise of Jesus, dwelling
At God's right hand on high.

Mass Hymns. No. 2.

NOW JESUS CHRIST'S TRUE FLESH.

Airs 2, 11, 120.

- 1 Now Jesus Christ's true flesh and blood,
Will be our Sacrifice Divine,
The same in Mass as on the Cross,
Though under forms of bread and wine.

OFFERING.

- 2 We offer, then, the Holy Mass,
Thee, our Creator, to adore,
To thank Thee for Thy glorious gifts,
And praise Thy name for evermore.
 - 3 We pray for pardon and for grace,
To change the lives that we have led,
And beg Thee, for Thy Son's dear sake,
To bless the living and the dead.
-

ACT OF CONTRITION.

Airs 2, 11, 120.

- 1 O FATHER let Thy guilty child,
Call Thee by that dear name again;
O think how Thy sweet Jesus died,
Imploring grace for sinful men.

- 2 I love Thee, God, Thou art so good,
And therefore for my sins I grieve;
I hate them, and will sin no more,
And bad occasions I will leave.
 - 3 Thy Gospel, Jesus, we believe,
And for Thy help we humbly pray,
That we in thought, and word, and deed,
Thy holy Gospel may obey.
-

THE CANON OF THE MASS.

Airs 2, 11, 120.

- 1 O God be ever with Thy Church;
The Pope and all its Pastors bless;
Bless every day our parents dear,
Give them eternal happiness.
 - 2 We pray for all who want our prayers,
To all poor sinners mercy show;
Ah! why should Jesus die in vain,
To save them from eternal woe?
 - 3 We praise Thy saints, may they for us
With Jesus kindly intercede;
May Mary pray her sweetest prayer,
To help her children in their need.
 - 4 O God, 'tis now the solemn hour,
When bread and wine are truly made
The flesh and blood of Jesus Christ,
By words of Consecration said.
-

ACTS OF FAITH AND ADORATION.

Airs 2, 11, 120.

- 1 O HEAVENS, Earth! this wonder hear,
What was but earthly bread and wine,

By God Almighty's wond'rous power
Is now Christ's flesh and blood Divine.
So God has said, so we believe,
The Word of God cannot deceive.

2 O Jesus, God, Creator, Judge,
Thee present, humbly we adore,
To Thee in this great Sacrament
Be praise and glory evermore.
May every tongue to Thee confess,
May every heart Thy presence bless.

3 Behold, O God, the precious blood
Of Jesus on the altar lies;
O Father, hear! how Jesus' blood
For grace and mercy loudly cries.
To Thee it speaketh to forgive,
Forgive us then that we may live.

4 The holy Sacrifice of Mass
Assists the souls in Purgatory;
Through this most holy sacrifice
O God of mercy hear their cry.
May they receive eternal rest,
And with the light of heaven be blest.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

Airs 3, 18, 130.

1 In this Sacrament, Sweet Jesus,
Thou dost give Thy flesh and blood,
With Thy soul and Godhead also
As our own most precious food.

Yes, dear Jesus, I believe it,
And Thy presence I adore,
And with all my heart I love Thee,
May I love Thee more and more.

2 Come, sweet Jesus, in Thy mercy,
Give Thy flesh and blood to me;
Come to me, O dearest Jesus,
Come, my soul's true life to be.
Come, that I may live forever,
Thou in me and I in Thee;
Living thus I shall not perish,
But shall live eternally.

3 Blessed be the love of Jesus,
Giving us His flesh and blood,
Blessed be His Mother Mary,
Mother ever kind and good.
Blessed be the great St. Joseph,
Sing then with devotion true;
"Dearest Jesus, Mary, Joseph,
Heart and soul I give to you."

THANKSGIVING.

Airs 2, 11, 120.

1 GREAT God we thank Thee for the grace
Of hearing holy Mass this day;
On Sunday may we always come
To hear the holy Mass and pray.

2 Then may the grace of holy Mass
Be with us still in all our need,
And keep us from the stain of sin,
In every thought, and word, and deed.

RULE OF LIFE.

Air 141.

- 1 IN the morning when I waken,
With the Cross I sign myself,
And say, "Jesus, Mary, Joseph,
I give you my heart and soul."

CHO.—Then when dress'd I kneel devoutly,
And I say my morning pray'rs;
With the Cross I ask a blessing,
Both before and after meals.

- 2 When 'tis evening kneeling humbly,
My night pray'rs I say to God;
Then my conscience I examine,
And ask pardon for my sins.

CHO.—When in bed I think of Jesus,
And my arms fold like a cross,
And say, "Jesus, Mary Joseph,
I give you my heart and soul."

- 3 With this pray'r each word I offer,
"Jesus, I do all for you."
"Jesus, Mary, help me," saying,
From temptation quick I go.

CHO.—From occasions which are sinful,
And bad company I fly;
O my God I promise never
To commit a mortal sin.

THE CHRISTIAN'S SONG.*Air 142.*

- 1 BLEST is the Faith, divine and strong,
Of thanks and praise an endless fountain,
Whose life is one perpetual song
High up the Saviour's holy mountain.

CHO.—Oh, Sion's songs are sweet to sing,
With melodies of gladness laden;
Hark! how the harps of angels ring,
||: Hail, Son of Man! Hail, Mother
Maiden!: ||

- 2 Blest is the hope that holds to God,
In doubt and darkness still unshaken;
And sings along the heav'nly road
Sweetest when most it seems forsaken.
Oh, Sion's songs, &c.
- 3 Blest is the love that cannot love
Aught that earth gives of best and bright-
est;
Whose raptures thrill like saints' above
Most when its earthly gifts are lightest.
Oh, Sion's songs, &c.
-

THE FOUR GREAT TRUTHS.

Air 143.

- 1 IN ONE God there are Three Persons,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
God the Son, the Second Person,
Was made man, and died for us;
God rewards the good in heaven,
And He sends the bad to hell,
When baptized we are made Christians,
And are cleansed from Adam's sin.
- 2 Confirmation strengthens Christians,
And gives them the Holy Ghost;
Holy Eucharist is the Body
And the Blood of Jesus Christ;

But to sight and other senses,
 It appears like bread and wine;
 After baptism penance pardons
 All the sins that we commit.

- 3 Extreme Unction gives in sickness
 Grace to die a happy death;
 Holy Orders gives to bishops,
 Priests, and others, pow'r and grace.
 Then in marriage grace is given
 By a Christian Sacrament,
 To be faithful and to bring up
 Children in the fear of God.

WELCOME TO OUR PASTOR.

Air 145.

CHO.—WELCOME! Welcome! Welcome!
 Greet ye the honored and dear,
 Welcome! Welcome! Welcome!
 ||: All that we love and revere.: ||

- 1 But first let the song of our welcome ascend,
 To greet thee, our Pastor, our father and friend,
 Anointed of God and our guide for above,
 We greet thee, we greet thee with gladness and love.
 Welcome! &c.

- 2 As the flow'rs of the forest unfold to the sun,
 So our young hearts rejoice as in kindness you come,

As they brighten to beauty beneath its warm
ray,
Let your smiles and applause give us' cour-
age to-day.
Welcome! &c.

Song of Welcome to a Bishop or Pastor.

VIVAT! VIVAT!

Air 146.

VIVAT! Vivat! Vivat Pastor bonus!
Vivat! Vivat! Vivat in æternum.
Et accedentes læti dixerunt,
Et accedentes læti dixerunt,
Vivat! vivat! vivat! vivat! vivat Pastor
bonus.

GOD BLESS OUR POPE.

Air 119.

- 1 FULL in the panting heart of Rome,
Beneath th' Apostles' crowning dome,
From pilgrims' lips that kiss the ground,
Breathes in all tongues one only sound—
God bless our Pope, the great, the good!
3 times.
- 2 The golden roof, the marble walls,
The Vatican's majestic halls,
The note redouble, till it fills
With echoes sweet the Seven Hills—
God bless our Pope, the great, the good!
3 times.
- 3 From torrid South to frozen North
The wave harmonious stretches forth,
Yet strikes no chord more true to Rome's
Than rings within our hearts and homes—
God bless our Pope, the great, the good!
3 times.

- 4 For, like the sparks of unseen fire
That speak along the magic wire,
From home to home, from heart to heart,
These words of countless children dart—
God bless our Pope, the great, the good !
3 times.
- 5 To homes and hearts of saints above,
Which link'd with ours in thought and love,
Repeating, bless the pilgrims' strain,
As showers enrich with borrowed rain—
God bless our Pope, the great, the good !
3 times.

VENI JESU AMOR MI.

Air 131.

VENI Jesu Amor mi,
Veni, Veni, Veni amor Jesu
Veni Jesu Amor mi,
Veni O Amor mi.
Veni Jesu Amor mi, *3 times.*
Veni, Veni, O Amor mi,
Veni Amor mi, Veni Amor mi.

EVENING SONG.

Air 144.

O HOW sweet, when daylight closes,
When the western sun reposes,
And the dew is on the roses;
Brothers then how sweet to rove
'Through the meadows and the grove.
O how sweet the bell's low pealing,
On the ear so softly stealing!
Home we go with grateful feeling,
Pray to God who reigns above,
And with songs of praise and love,
Sink to rest.—*5 times.*

DEVOTIONS FOR MASS.

Prayer before Mass.

MOST merciful Father, who didst so love the world as to give up thy beloved Son for our redemption, vouchsafe, through his infinite merits, to accept this Holy Sacrifice for thy greater honor and glory; in thanksgiving for all thy benefits; for the remission of our sins; and to obtain all the graces necessary for our salvation. Grant, O my God, that this Holy Sacrifice may ascend in the odor of sweetness to the throne of mercy in our behalf, to be to us an unfailing source of grace here, and a pledge of eternal life hereafter. Amen.

CONFITEOR.

The Priest at the foot of the Altar.

I Confess, O my God! not only in thy presence, who seest the secrets of hearts, but in the presence of all the blessed in heaven, and of all the faithful on earth, that I have often and grievously offended thee by my thoughts, words, actions and omissions. Yes, I have sinned, O my God! I have sinned; I acknowledge it to my shame, and with the most bitter regret. I have abused all thy gifts. I am unworthy to appear before thee. But thy mercies, O my God! are above all thy works; thou wilt not despise a contrite and humble heart.

O most holy Virgin! and ye Angels and Saints of heaven! I humbly beseech you to intercede for me. Vouchsafe, O Lord! to listen to their prayers. Grant to the ardor of their supplications, what thou mayest justly refuse to the coldness of mine, and to their services so pleasing in thy sight, that pardon to which my offences can have no claim.

KYRIE ELEISON.

Though I were at every instant of my life to cry out, Lord, have mercy on me! this would still be unequal to the number and quality of my offences. But though, after long repeating this prayer, thou shouldst appear to disregard me, I would still redouble my importunity, and

cry out, with a louder and more animated voice, as the woman of Canaan and the blind man of Jericho did: "Jesus, son of David! have mercy on me!" Be not then tired, O Lord! of my supplications. I know that thou lovest to be importuned. If, as yet, thy goodness has not granted my pardon, my perseverance shall at length engage thee to grant it. Have pity, bountiful Creator, on the work of thy hands. O Father of mercies! grant pardon to thy children.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

Glory be to God on high, and peace on earth to men of good will. We praise thee. We bless thee. We adore thee. We glorify thee. We give thee thanks for thy great glory. O Lord God! O heavenly King! O God, the Father Almighty! O Lord Jesus Christ the only begotten Son! O Lord God! Lamb of God! Son of the Father! O thou, who takest away the sins of the world! have mercy on us. O thou who takest away the sins of the world! receive our prayer. O thou, who sittest at the right hand of the Father! have mercy on us. For thou alone art holy. Thou alone art Lord. Thou alone art most high, O Jesus Christ! together with the Holy Ghost, in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

THE COLLECT.

Almighty and eternal God, we humbly beseech thee to look down upon this congregation from thy heavenly sanctuary, and graciously hear those prayers of thy Church, addressed to thee for us all, by the ministry of the priest.

Grant us, in thy infinite mercy, pardon for our sins, health of mind and body, peace in our days, unity and increase of Catholic Faith, fervor of charity, sincere devotion, patience in suffering, and every thing conducive to thy glory, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

THE EPISTLE.

O Eternal God! who never ceasest to excite us to the worship and love of thy holy name, and to arm us against all the attacks of the world, the flesh and the devil, by the public ministry of thy Church, by the doctrine of thy prophets and apostles, and by many other holy admonitions; grant, we may faithfully attend to

these lessons of salvation, that thus our knowledge of thy law may never rise in judgment against us, but guide us securely to thee, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE GOSPEL.

It is not thy interpreters, O God ! who are now to instruct me ; it is thy only Son ; it is his word I am going to hear. I most gratefully embrace this heavenly doctrine. I rise up and declare, in the face of Heaven and earth, that I will walk faithfully in that way which he hath marked out for me. He tells me here, that it will avail a man nothing to gain the whole world, if he lose his own soul ; that the sensual, the covetous, the worldling, the libertine, the detractor, and such as are insensible to the miseries of the poor, shall have no share of his heavenly kingdom ; and that in order to become his disciple, I must take up my cross and follow him. I receive, with all my heart, these sacred maxims : grant me the grace to put them in practice. For to what purpose, O my Jesus ! should I declare myself thy disciple, if I were not to live according to thy Gospel ?

THE CREED.

I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and all things visible and invisible. And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God : and born of the Father before all ages. God of God ; Light of Light ; true God of true God ; begotten not made ; consubstantial with the Father, by whom all things were made. Who for us men and for our salvation, came down from heaven, and became incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, **AND WAS MADE MAN.** (*Here the people make a genuflection.*) He was crucified also for us, suffered under Pontius Pilate, and was buried. And the third day he rose again, according to the Scriptures. And ascended into heaven, sitteth at the right hand of the Father. And he is to come again with glory to judge both the living and the dead, of whose kingdom there shall be no end. And in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, who together with the Father and the Son, is adored and glorified ; who spoke by the prophets. And one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. I confess one baptism for the remission of sins. And I expect the resurrection of the dead. And the life of the world to come. Amen.

THE OFFERTORY.

O Holy Father, Almighty and Eternal God! how unworthy soever I be to appear in thy presence, I dare to offer thee this host, by the hands of the priest, with that intention which Christ my Saviour had, when he first instituted this sacrifice, and which he has, at this very instant, that he immolates himself for us. I offer it in acknowledgement of thy supreme dominion over me and all creatures. I offer it in expiation of my crimes, and in thanksgiving for all thy benefits. I offer it to obtain of thy infinite goodness, for my parents, benefactors, friends and enemies, all those precious graces which only through him can be obtained, who is the **JUST ONE** by excellence, and who became a victim for the sins of men.

Accept then, O Lord! this ineffable sacrifice, as a sweet odor, and permit me to unite to this sacred oblation the sacrifice of my soul and body and whatever I am or have. Change me, O Lord! and make me a new creature in Christ, as thou art going to change this bread and wine by thy power, to make them the body and blood of thy Son.

THE WASHING OF THE FINGERS.

Oh! what cleanliness and purity of heart should we not bring with us to this great sacrifice! But alas! I am a poor, unclean sinner. Oh! wash me, dear Lord! from all the stains of sin, in the blood of the Lamb, that I may be worthy to be present at these heavenly mysteries.

WHEN THE PRIEST SAYS, ORATE FRATRES.

Receive, O Lord, from the hands of the priest, the sacrifice which is now prepared, for the praise and glory of thy name, for our benefit and that of all thy holy Church. Graciously hear the prayers which she now offers to thee, by the mouth of her minister, and mercifully grant us all the graces which thou knowest to be necessary for our salvation.

THE PREFACE.

Do thou thyself, O Lord! raise up my heart; inflame it with love: free it from earthly affections; let me be all in heaven, where my Treasure is, and on the altar, where he is going to be. My life, O Lord! is a continued succession of thy favors. Oh! let my thanksgivings be

also uninterrupted; and since thou art going to renew the greatest of sacrifices, should I not also break forth into the most lively acknowledgements? Permit me, then, O Lord! to join my feeble voice with all the heavenly Spirits, and to say with them, in transports of joy and admiration, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God of hosts! The heavens and earth are filled with his glory! Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord! eternal King and God, as he who sends him!

THE CANON.

O Father of mercy! graciously receive, by the hands of the priest, this most holy sacrifice in union with that which thy beloved Son offered up to thee during his whole life, at his last supper, and on the cross. Look down on thy Christ, thy dearest and only begotten, in whom thou art always well pleased; and by the infinite merits of his incarnation, of his nativity, of his tears, labors, sufferings and death, have mercy upon me, and upon all those for whom I ought to pray, [*here name the particular persons,*] my parents, brethren, friends, benefactors, relations, and those who have injured me, or whom I have injured. I also beseech thee to guard, prosper, and extend the holy Catholic Church; to pour down thy blessing upon our chief pastor the Pope, upon the bishops and all the clergy; enlighten and guide them in the way of salvation. Bless and preserve our rulers and all our fellow-citizens. Look upon us all, I beseech thee with eyes of mercy and compassion. Bring us all to the perfect practice of a holy and virtuous life here, and to the possession of thy eternal glory hereafter. May we all know thee; may we fear, love, and glorify thee, through the same Jesus Christ, who, with thee and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth one God, world without end. Amen.

WHEN THE PRIEST EXTENDS HIS HANDS OVER THE CHALICE.

O Jesus, my Saviour, who art about, by the words of the priest, to change the bread into thy body and the wine into thy blood, change me also wholly by your grace, destroy my passions, cause me to forsake my evil inclinations, and to have no other affections than to love you, and perform all you command me.

AT THE ELEVATION.

O Sacrament most holy! O Sacrament divine! All praise and all thanksgiving, be every moment Thine.

Eternal Father! I offer Thee the Precious Blood of Jesus, in satisfaction for my sins, and for the wants of Holy Church.

His Holiness Pius IX., by a brief dated Sept. 30th, 1859, granted to the recitation of the following prayer, an indulgence of 300 days. By a new rescript this indulgence was increased to 3 years, and a plenary indulgence once a month, added.

These indulgences are applicable to the souls in purgatory.

Eternal Father, I offer thee the immolation which Jesus, thy beloved Son, made of himself to thee on the cross, and which he now renews on the holy altar. I offer it to thee, in the name of all creatures, in union with all the holy sacrifices which have been and ever will be celebrated throughout the whole world; in order to honor and adore thee, to return thee thanks for thy innumerable blessings, to appease thy irritated justice, by such satisfactions as it deserves, and finally, to obtain all the graces necessary for myself, for the Church, for the entire world, and for the suffering souls in purgatory. Amen.

PATER NOSTER.

After the many sins I have committed, I would not dare, O my God, to call you my Father, had not Jesus Christ himself commanded me to do so. It is, therefore, in obedience to him, and confiding in your goodness, I take the liberty of addressing you:—Our Father, &c.

THE AGNUS DEI.

O Lamb of God! sacrificed for my sake, have mercy on me. O adorable victim of my salvation! look down on me, and save me, Divine Mediator! obtain pardon of my Father for me, a sinner, and mercifully grant me the sweets of thy peace. Amen.

THE COMMUNION.

What a comfort to me. O my God! were I in the number of those, whose sanctity allows them to receive thee daily! What an advantage could I, at this instant, possess thee in my heart, there pay thee my homage, lay open to thee my wants, and share in the favors which thou grantest to those who receive thee really! But

since I am unworthy, do thou, O Lord! supply my want of dispositions; pardon me my sins; I detest them from my heart, because they are displeasing to thee. Accept my ardent wish to be united to thee; cast thine eye upon me, and purify my soul, that I may soon be fit to receive thee worthily. But until the arrival of this happy day, I earnestly entreat thee, O dearest Lord! that thou wouldst make me a sharer in all the advantages, which the communion of the priest shall produce in these thy people. Increase my faith by the virtue of this sacrament, strengthen my hope, fill my heart with love, that it beat but for thee, and live for thee alone. Amen.

THE POST COMMUNION.

Thou hast offered thyself, O Lord! for my salvation; I desire to be sacrificed for thy glory. I am thy victim, do with me as thou wilt. Whatever I have, I consecrate entirely to thee. Those crosses which thou shalt please to send me, I most freely accept. I bless them; I receive them from thy hand, and unite them with those thou hast endured for my sake. I am now about to leave thy temple, resolved, with thy help, to serve thee faithfully. I will struggle against my failings, but chiefly against that to which I am most inclined. Thy law shall henceforth direct me, and I shall forfeit all, and suffer everything, rather than mortally transgress it.

THE BENEDICTION.

Most holy and adorable Trinity! by thee we have begun this sacrifice, by thee we desire to conclude it: we therefore shall not leave thee, until thou bless us. Give us, O Lord! thy blessing, by the hands of this priest; may it ever remain with us; may it influence our actions, and be the sure pledge of that last benediction, which thy elect will receive, when called by thee into eternal glory.

THE LAST GOSPEL.

Divine Word! only Son of the Father; Light of the world! who camest from heaven to show us the way to it, I adore thy Majesty with the most profound respect. I place my whole confidence in thee. I hope most firmly, that, as thou art my God, a God made man to save mankind, thou wilt grant me those graces my sanctification requires, and also the enjoyment of thee in thy glory.

PRAYER AFTER MASS.

My Saviour, Jesus Christ, I thank you for the favor you have this day conferred upon me, in permitting me to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. I ask pardon for the faults I have committed thereat; and I beseech you to grant me, through the virtue of this holy sacrifice, all the aid I require to serve you faithfully for the remainder of my life. Amen.

MANNER OF SERVING A PRIEST AT MASS.

The Clerk should kneel at his left hand, and answer him as follows:

P. INTROIBO ad altare Dei.

C. Ad Deum, qui lætificat juventutem meam.

P. Judica me, Deus, et discerne causam meam, de gente non sancta: ab homine iniquo et doloso, erue me.

C. Quia tu es. Deus, fortitudo mea, quare me repulisti, et quare tristis incedo dum affligit me inimicus?

P. Emit lucem tuam, et veritatem tuam; ipsa me deduxerunt, et adduxerunt in montem sanctum tuam, et in tabernacula tua.

C. Et introibo ad altare Dei: ad Deum qui lætificat juventutem meam.

P. Confitebor tibi in cithara, Deus, Deus meus; quare tristis es, anima mea, et quare conturbas me?

C. Spera in Deo, quoniam adhuc confitebor illi; salutare vultus mei, et Deus meus.

P. Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto.

C. Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

P. Introibo ad altare Dei.

C. Ad Deum, qui lætificat juventutem meam.

P. Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.

C. Qui fecit cælum et terram.

P. Confiteor &c.

C. Misereatur tui Omnipotens Deus, et dimissis peccatis tuis, perducatur te ad vitam æternam.

P. Amen.

C. Confiteor Deo omnipotenti, beatæ Mariæ semper virgini, beato Michaeli archangelo, beato Joanni Baptistæ, sanctis apostolis Petro et Paulo, omnibus sanctis, et tibi, Pater, quia peccavi nimis cogitatione, verbo, et

opere. Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa. Ideo precor beatam Mariam semper virginem, beatum Michaellem archangelum, beatum Joannem Baptistam, sanctos apostolos Petrum et Paulum, omnes sanctos, et te Pater, orare pro me ad Dominum Deum nostrum.

P. Misereatur vestri, &c. *C.* Amen.

P. Indulgentiam, absolutionem et remissionem peccatorum nostrorum, tribuat nobis omnipotens et misericors Dominus. *C.* Amen.

P. Deus, tu conversus vivificabis nos.

C. Et plebs tua lætabitur in te.

P. Ostende nobis, Domine, misericordiam tuam.

C. Et salutare tuum da nobis.

P. Domine, exaudi orationem meam.

C. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

P. Dominus vobiscum.

C. Et cum spiritu tuo.

P. Kyrie eleison. *C.* Kyrie eleison,

P. Kyrie eleison. *C.* Christe eleison.

P. Christe eleison. *C.* Christe eleison.

P. Kyrie eleison. *C.* Kyrie eleison.

P. Kyrie eleison.

P. Dominus vobiscum.

C. Et cum spiritu tuo.

When the Priest says, Flectamus genua, as is the case a few times in the year, answer, Levate.

At the end of the Epistle, say, Deo gratias; then remove the Mass book to the other side of the altar, and always kneel or stand on the side opposite to that on which the book has been placed.

P. Dominus vobiscum.

C. Et cum spiritu tuo.

P. Sequentia sancti evangelii secundum. &c.

Making the sign of the cross on your forehead, mouth, and breast, say: C. Gloria tibi, Domine.

At the end of the Gospel, say:

C. Laus tibi Christe.

P. Dominus vobiscum.

C. Et cum spiritu tuo.

Here serve the wine and water. &c

P. Orate fratres.

C. Suscipiat Dominus sacrificium de manibus tuis ad laudem et gloriam nominis sui, ad utilitatem quoque nostram, totiusque ecclesiæ suæ sanctæ.

P. Per omnia sæcula sæculorum.

C. Amen.

P. Dominus vobiscum.

C. Et cum spiritu tuo.

P. Sursum corda.

C. Habemus ad Dominum.

P. Gratias agamus Domino Deo nostro.

C. Dignum et justum est.

At sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, &c., ring the little bell.

When the Priest spreads his hands over the chalice, give warning by the bell, of the consecration which is about to be made. Then holding up the vestment with your left hand, and having the bell in your right, ring during the elevation.

P. Per omnia sæcula sæculorum. *C.* Amen.

P. Et nos inducas in tentationem :

C. Sed Libera nos a malo.

P. Per omnia sæcula sæculorum. *C.* Amen.

P. Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum.

C. Et cum spiritu tuo.

The Priest's communion being ended, be ready to give him wine and water. If there be communicants, provide a communion cloth, and say the Confiteor. After the communion, remove the book to the Epistle side of the Altar.

P. Dominus vobiscum.

C. Et cum spiritu tuo.

P. Per omnia sæcula sæculorum. *C.* Amen.

P. Ite ; missa est : or, Benedicamus Domino.

C. Deo gratias.

In masses for the dead.

P. Requiescant in pace. *C.* Amen.

Remove the book, if it be left open ; kneel to receive the Priest's blessing.

P. Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus.

C. Amen.

P. Dominus Vobiscum.

C. Et cum spiritu tuo.

P. Initium (or. sequentia) sancti evangelii, &c.

C. Gloria. tibi, Domine.

At the end say : Deo gratias.

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THE
Catholic Youth's
HYMN BOOK:

CONTAINING THE
HYMNS OF THE SEASONS AND FESTIVALS
OF THE YEAR,

ARRANGED
WITH A SPECIAL VIEW TO THE WANTS OF
Catholic Schools.

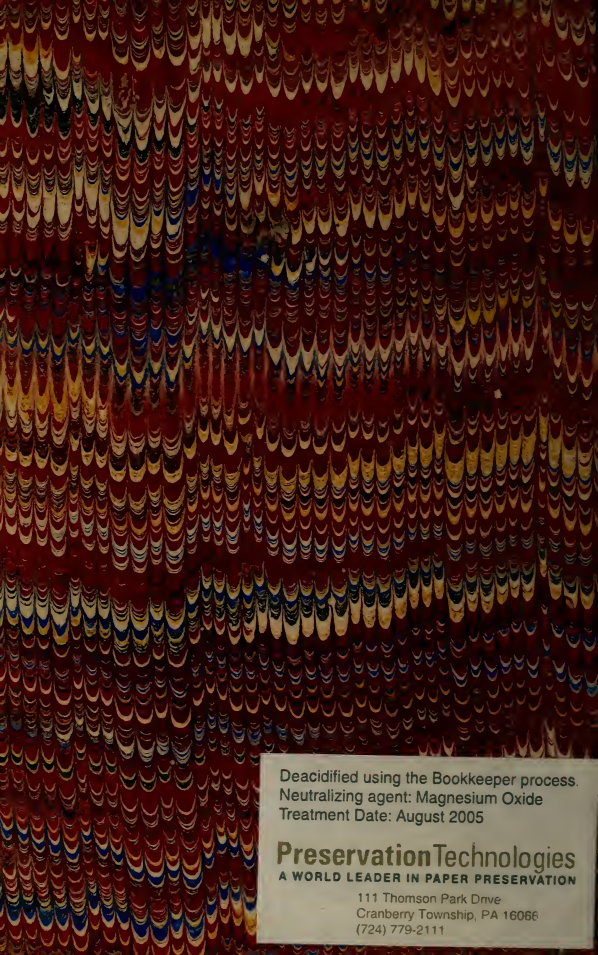
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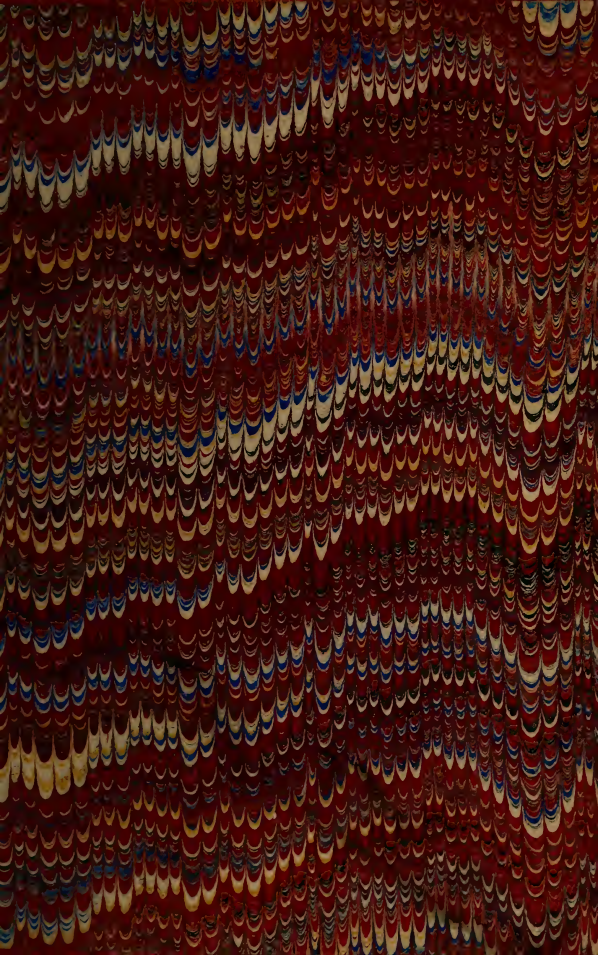
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